gülϕem.

. en . tr↓

να 'χουν όλα άραγε να κάνουν με μια έννοια μιας καθαρά φεμινιστικής κοινωνίας,
ή να 'ναι άραγε το μέτρο, το υγιές, μεταξύ ισοτήτων
και συνύπαρξης του θηλυκού/αρσενικού,
μιας έμφυλης ισότητας μα και μιας ενεργειακής εξίσου συνύπαρξής του
Feminīnum/Masculīnum -Neutrum
εξαλείφοντας έτσι την καθαυτή ύπαρξη της τοξικής πατριαρχίας*;

/ διευκρινίζοντας, η πατριαρχία δεν μπορεί να εκδηλωθεί σε ουδέτερη μορφή παρά μόνο τοξικά.*

Ένα project {ζιν}, ως μια πράξη αποσυναρμολόγησης, ένα επί σκοπού ξήλωμα των σφιχτοπλεγμένων εννοιών του "θηλυκού" και του "αρσενικού". Λειτουργώντας ως ένας χώρος όπου τα άκαμπτα δίπολα αφομοιώνονται και μεταμορφώνονται, χρησιμοποιώντας τις τραχιές άκρες ενός κολάζ και τη ροή του προσωπικού λόγου για να διαλύσουν τις απολιθωμένες δομές της πατριαρχίας. Καταγράφοντας ουλές, θριάμβους, εμπειρίες μιας ιστορίας βίωμα, τις ήσυχες επαναστάσεις σε κλειστούς απροσδιόριστους χώρους μα και δυναμική διεκδίκηση στο έξω. Το project ως ένα θρυμματισμένο καθρέφτισμα της ισότητας, ενώνοντας ξανά, χωρίς να αντικατοπτρίζει μια τέλεια εικόνα, μα μια πιο απελευθερωμένη. Αναζητώντας τον πυρήνα, ρωτώντας ποσοτικά για το μέρος της προσωπικότητάς/περσόνας του, όπου βρίσκεται το ειλικρινές κομμάτι του εαυτού, και πόσο είναι προγραμματισμένο με σκοπό την επιβίωση. Με μια ανασκαφή των κρυμμένων προθέσεων, αφαιρώντας το προσωπείο, αποκαλύπτοντας ριζικά ένα τρυφερό κέντρο όπου το άτομο είναι επιτέλους ελεύθερο να δει την αλήθεια του.

A {zine} project as a raw act of taking apart, a deliberate unravelling of, the tightly woven veils of "feminine" and "masculine" that often mask the pulse of human experience. A space where rigid binaries are digested and transformed, using the edges of visual mirrors and the fluidity of personal prose to dissolve the calcified structures of patriarchy. By documenting the scars and triumphs of lived history—the quiet rebellions in intimate spaces and the loud reclamation of the public ones—the zine restores the shattered mirror of equality, piecing it back together -not to reflect a perfect image, but a liberated one. Throughout this process, the zine interrogates the core of the self, asking how much of our “persona” and patterns are a genuine echo of the soul and how much is a scripted performance designed for survival. It is an excavation of cloaked intentions, stripping away the performative to reveal an innate and tender center where we are finally free to see our truth.

A collective sanctuary for all forms of expression—art that bridges the gap between reflective thought and action, transforming personal stories/experiences/memories into a shared vessel, in the name of equality and the voices unheard.

With the intention of binding together a community that steps beyond the limitations of thought; into embodied healing and liberated truth - for all.

-

İnsan deneyiminin asıl nabzını örten “dişil” ve “eril” olarak örülmüş dantelli duvakları, kasıtlı olarak ince ince söken duru bir fanzin projesi.
Ataerkilin taşlaşmış kalıplarını buharlaştırmak için yaratılmış, kişisel yazıların akışının görsel yansımaların kenarlarıyla beraber iç içe geçtiği, keskin ikiliklerin sindirilip dönüştürüldüğü bir mekân.
Paramparça olmuş eşitlik aynasını yeniden bir araya getirmek ve birlemek adına, zin, gerek mahrem alanlarda gerçekleşen sessiz başkaldırılarla, gerekse kamusal alanlarda yankılanan yüksek sesli geri kazanışlarla, yaşanmışlığın izlerini ve kutlamalarını içerir.

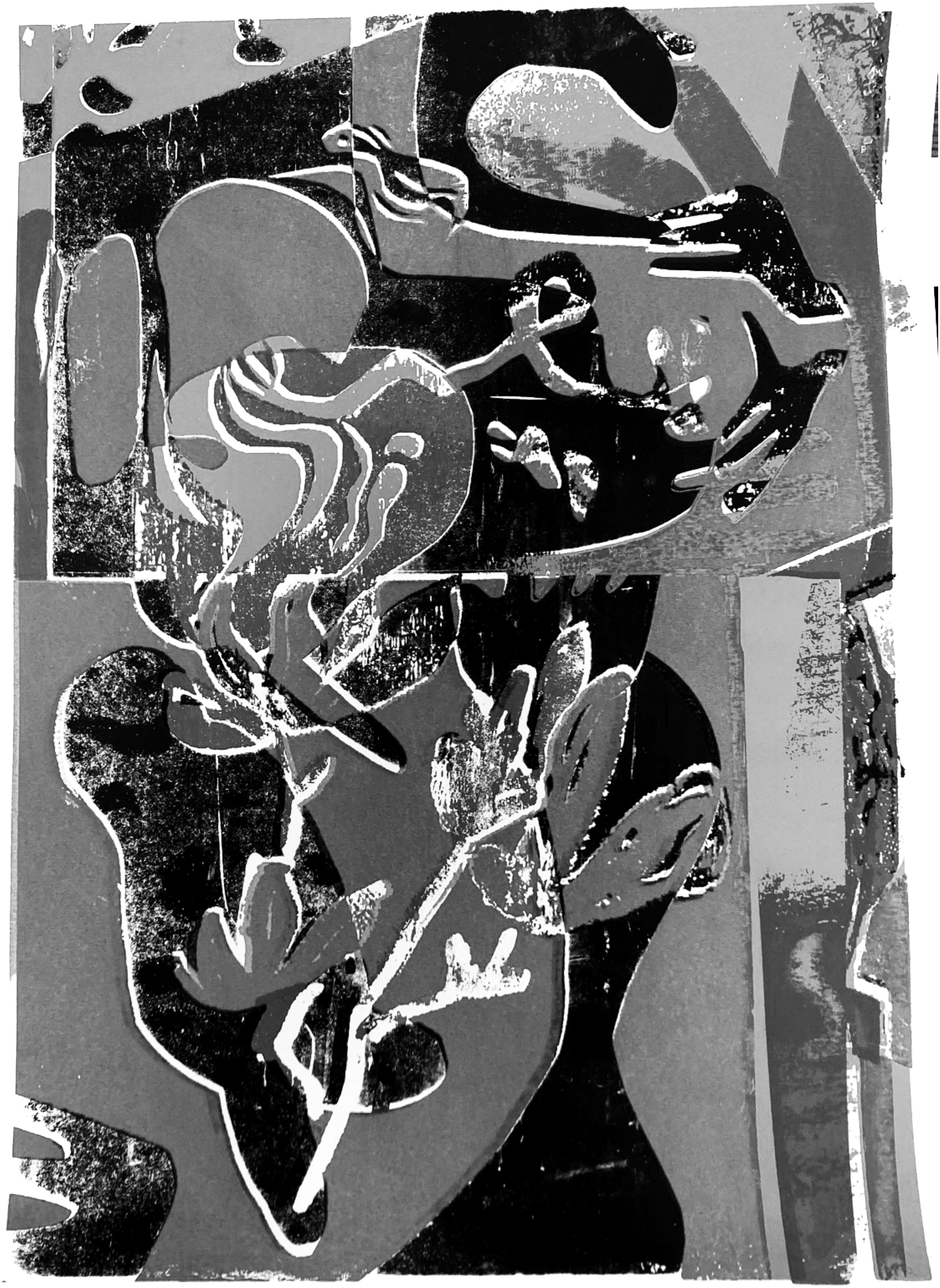
Kusursuz bir yansımanın gösterişli hali için değil, hakiki ve özgürleştirilmiş bir yansıma var etmek için.

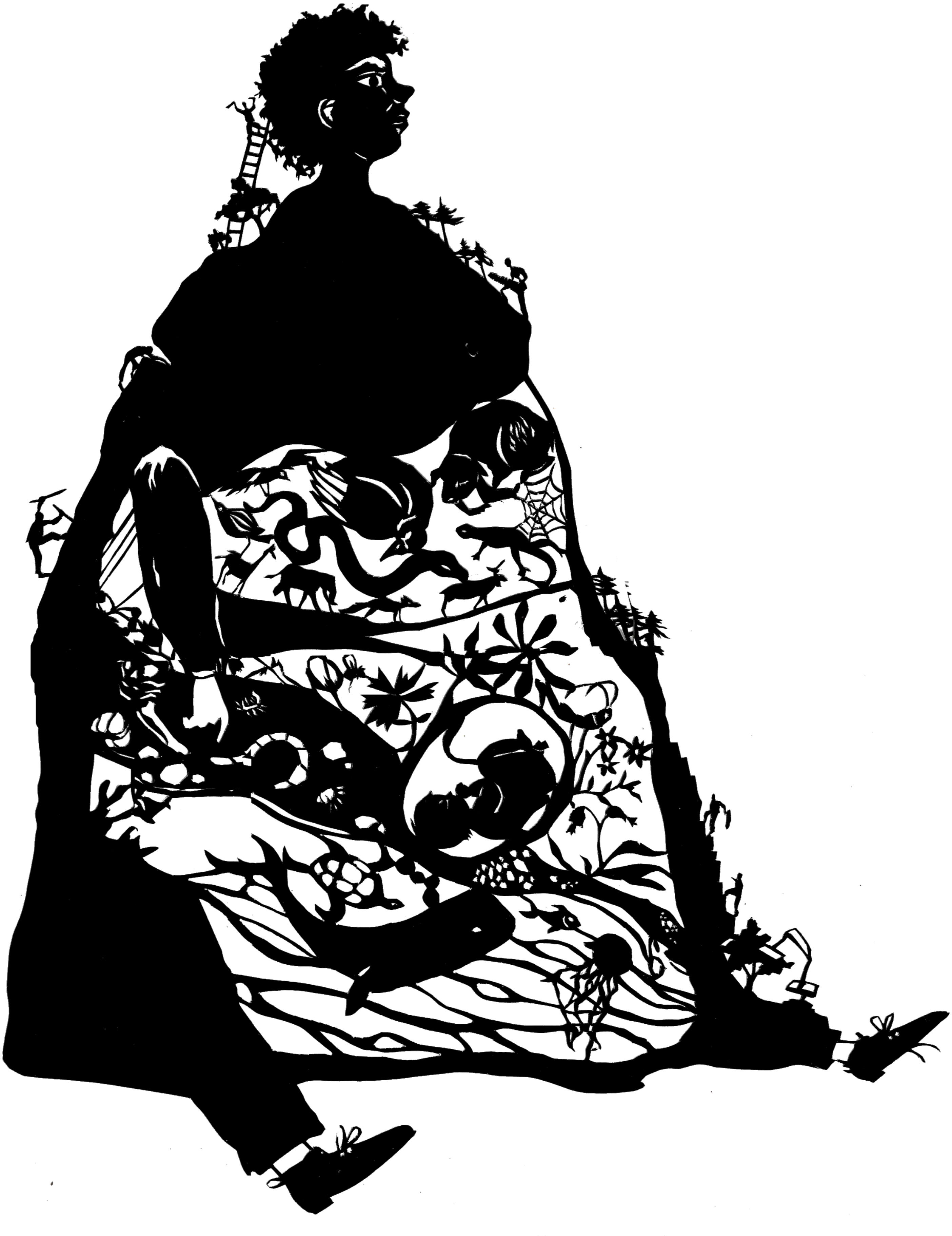
Bu süreç boyunca zin, benliğimizin derinliklerine doğru ilmek ilmek sorular nakışlar;
“persona’mız” dediğimiz yanımızın parçaları ve kalıplarının ne kadarı ruhun saf bir yankısı? Ve ne kadarı hayatta kalmak için yazılmış bir rol?
Hakikatimizi görmeye yaklaşabileceğimiz, latif ve köklü bir merkezi açığa çıkarmak adına performatif kabukların soyulduğu, örtülü ve gölgelere saklanmış niyetlerin bir kazısı dökülüyor içinize.

Tüm ifade halleri için kollektif bir mabet.

Duyulmamış yaşanmışlıkların ve eşitliğin adına; ortak bir hazneye sığdırılmış kişisel hikayelerin, deneyimlerin ve hatıraların dönüştürüldüğü, düşünce ve eylem arasındaki boşluğa köprü olan sanat.
Niyetimiz; düşüncenin sınırlarını aşarak, özgürleşmiş bir hakikat ve somutlaşmış şifaya adım atabilecek olan bir topluluğu birbirine örmektir.

–Herkes için.





"Reasons, why I am too hurt to re-imagine a different kind of masculinity"

Gül(φ)em was born somewhere between alphabets. A mouth crossing borders. A rose learning a new tongue. Its name carried the softness of Persian gardens and the salt of the Aegean. Gül: the queen of flowers, tied with the letter φ, a perfect aesthetic rope - to a mouth, a voice, a wound, a kiss. Together they became something more than translation could hold, a creature stitched from languages that history once tried to separate with fences, wars, and clean grammatical lines, all equally merciless. But mouths are unruly things. They speak through borders. They bleed through them too. Those zines can feel like lips parting after years of silence. Inside, femininity is not ornamental. Masculinity is not immovable either. Both melt under the heat of confession, running like wet ink across pages until only the human pulse remains kicking.

A girl removes the choreography from her gestures. A boy buries the iron mask inherited from fathers and grandfathers who mistook hardness for survival. Someone unnamed stands between mirrors, watching old selves dissolve like rosewater in salty water. The pages have the smell of a mixture of photocopy toner and the emotions of the writer. A small underground archive of releasing. Such a story feels like holding a shard of mirror to the sun. Not to reconstruct perfection, but to scatter light into places we were so much taught to keep dark: family tables, bedrooms, gardens, borders of language, borders of flesh. The private rebellions matter here. The trembling hand cutting fabric with scissors. The first unpracticed laugh. The refusal to apologize for taking up air on a street full of people, standing close to each other, yet isolated from one another just accepting things as they are.

And at the center of it all blooms the same dangerous question: How much of the self is inheritance, and how much is performance polished smooth for survival? A scare that we do to ourselves? Maybe identity is not marble at all. Maybe it is a rose. Bruising easily and growing despite pruning. Carrying both thorn and perfume without apology. This zine does not ask for polished stories.

It asks for the tender ones.
The unfinished ones.
The truths still warm from the mouth.

Digni
en

ore

I see my naked body.

I am the one who says how much beauty is there in the raw nakedness of one’s body in a raw nakedness of nature. And here I am, with a tripod, my camera, a mirror that I found on my ex-partners land.

I see the beauty.

Sometimes, and recently more than just sometimes, it is much harder to see it or it comes through layers of tears and grief.

As I am looking at my naked body I am feeling into my naked thoughts.
What a beauty and terror to be a human.
To be able to create. To be able to feel.
To live in this body, to live with this body.

I am a mirror.

A human to a human.

We see hands and two feet, a head - a slightly different me in the shape of another.

I am pulling log to the fireplace in my yard. A friend asks - why are you doing it? (She is implying that it is more like a mans task.)
I respond - there is no one else that will do it.

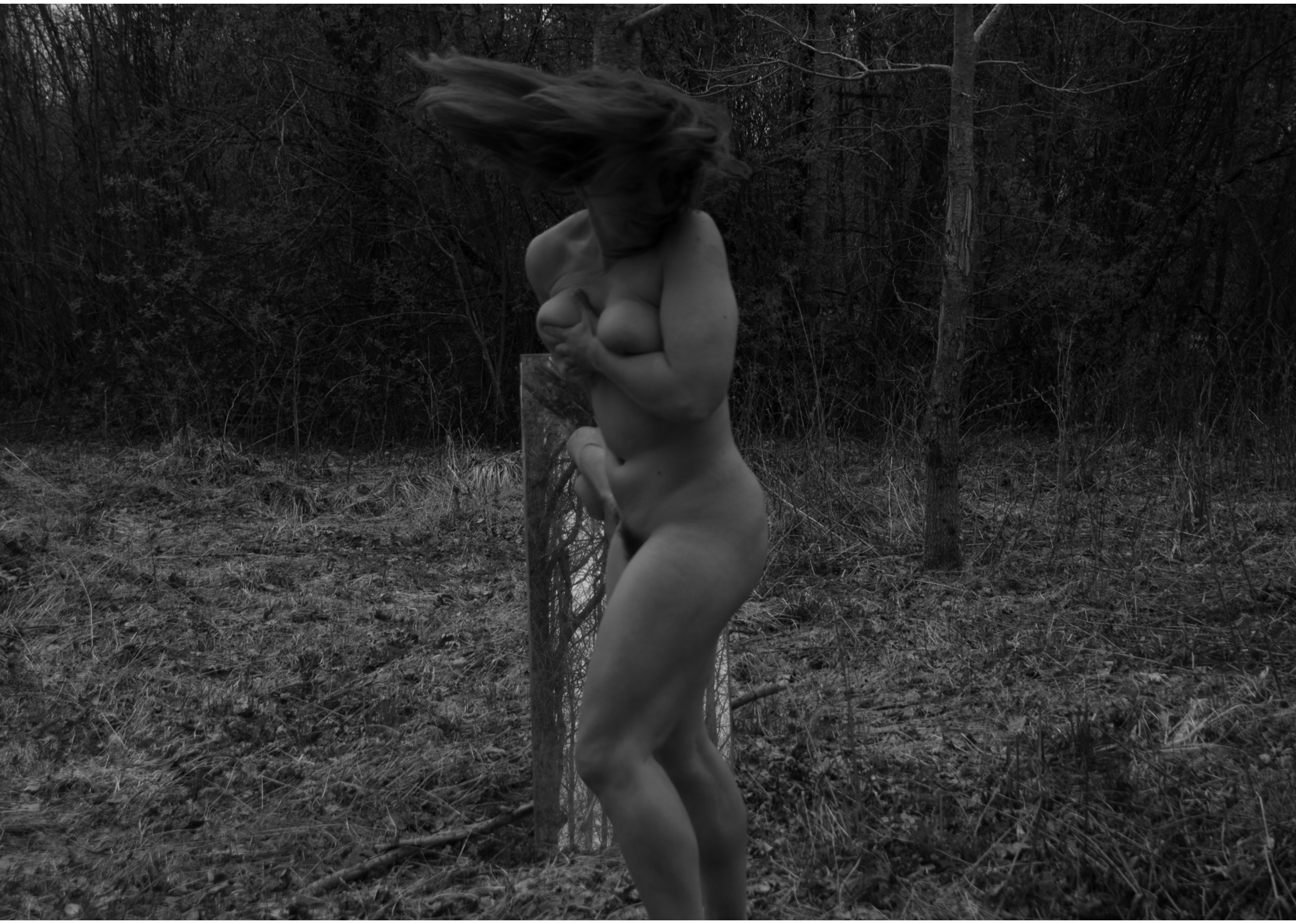
Whilst thinking about the layers that have been put upon us, that we have taken and we have pulled towards us ourselves as some sort of mechanisms to function in this world, in certain society, there is a lot to unpack, undress and yet... her I am pulling the log to the fire. Because there is no one else that will do that.
There is no-one else that will do it.

I am hitting a wall.

Thinking about masculine and feminine.
And yet. When I am here alone and I wish to do something.
I need to do something.

I am me, with my human naked body wondering if I have enough strength in me.
Do I?

Tightly knitted webs of our biological sex and our genders, the norms of specific places, interwoven with the loneliness of today - here in northern Europe, and mostly in the West, if I dare to generalise. I dare. Me as mirror and yet who do I mirror if there is not a community of various individuals to be mirrored by, to stand as a mirror. We learn in relationships. We learn as humans in relationships with other humans. And I do believe that we can also learn by being in relationship with a tree or a river, or an owl. We can be mirrored back. But what a hard, painful, revealing and beautiful way to be is to be mirrored back by humans.



Τελικά;
Πόσο φεμινιστής/φεμινίστρια είσαι;

Μια ερώτηση που έχει κολλήσει το τελευταίο διάστημα στο αναθεματισμένο μου μυαλό (όπου θα την επαναλαμβάνω - θα επαναλαμβάνεται μελλοντικά), για πολλούς και διαφορετικούς λόγους, που η ανάλυσή τους δεν είναι της παρούσης.

Για την ώρα, με αφορμή το βιβλίο της Carol J Adams, Sexual Politics of Meat, (παραθέτοντας κάποια κομμάτια) "*Sexual violence and meat eating, which appear to be discrete forms of violence, find a point of intersection in the absent referent. Cultural images of sexual violence, and actual sexual violence, often rely on our knowledge of how animals are butchered and eaten..Similarly, in images of animal slaughter, erotic overtones suggest that women are the absent referent. If animals are the absent referent in the phrase 'the butchering of women,' women are the absent referent in the phrase 'the rape of animals.'* ", και ανακαλώντας προσωπικές εμπειρίες, απορώ πως μπορείς να μην αναρωτηθεί κανείς για το "κομμάτι κρέας" που τόσο "εύκολα" βρίσκεται στο πιάτο σου, πόση βία έχει υποστεί πριν καταλήξει στην ωραιοποιημένη ινστα φώτο σου (και όχι μόνο). Αποκαλούμεν@ όμως και στεμμένα τιτλοποιημένα ως φεμινιστ@ και αντιπατριαρχικ@ όντα.*

Φεμινισμός, αντιπατριαρχικότητα και μια διατροφή χωρίς βία (βιγκανισμός) - [οικοφεμενισμός]** τόσο συνδεδεμένα μεταξύ τους, αρνούμενη να τα διαχωρίσω, κυρίως στην εποχή που ζούμε όπου πληροφορίες για τους βιασμούς, κακοποιήσεις/βασανισμούς μέσα στα εργοστάσια (κολαστήρια) παραγωγής υπάρχουν παντού.

Τελικά;

**εξαιρουμένων όσων όσων*
/ χωρίς μηδενισμούς στη φεμινιστική/αντιπατριαρχική δράση τους
για αυτό και το ποσοτικό ερώτημα -

*** οικοφεμινισμός για την Carol J Adams «Μια δυναμική πολιτική θεωρία που εντοπίζει πώς οι διάφορες μορφές καταπίεσης είναι αλληλένδετες» .. /ο οικοφεμινισμός εξετάζει: «τους ποικίλους τρόπους με τους οποίους ο σεξισμός, η ετεροκανονικότητα, ο ρατσισμός, η αποικιοκρατία και ο ικανισμός (ableism) τροφοδοτούνται από τον σπισισμό (διακριτική μεταχείριση των ειδών / speciesism) και τον υποστηρίζουν, και πώς η ανάλυση αυτών των διασταυρώσεων μπορεί να παράγει λιγότερο βίαιες, πιο δίκαιες πρακτικές»*

•

Αυτοερωτούμενη.

Αντιλαμβανόμενη και σκεπτόμενη, για την τόσο μικρή αναφορά για μία τόσο σοβαρή/σημαντική θεματική.

So?
How much of a feminist are you?

A question that has been stuck in my damned mind lately—one that I know will keep repeating itself in the future—for many different reasons, the analysis of which is not for the present moment.

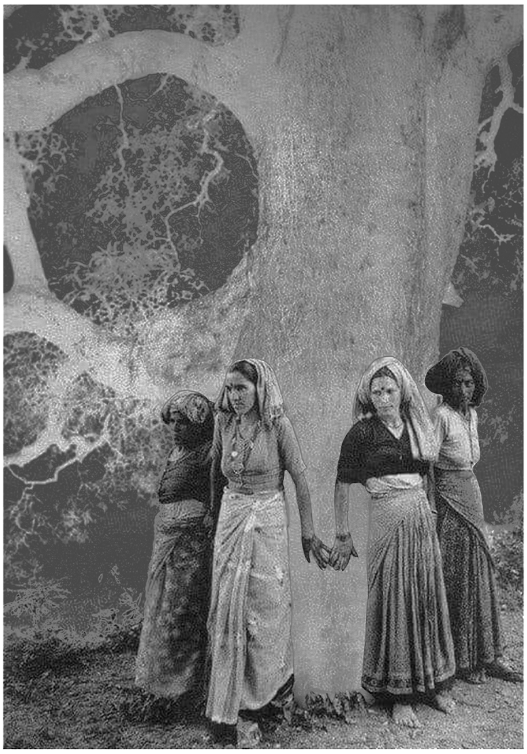
For now, sparked by Carol J Adams, Sexual Politics of Meat,”...” and recalling personal experiences, I wonder: how can you not question the "piece of meat" that so "easily" finds its way onto your plate? How much violence has it endured before ending up on your idealized Instagram photo (and beyond)? Especially when we self-identify—crowned and titled—as feminist and anti-patriarchal beings; * Feminism, anti-patriarchy, and a violence-free diet (veganism)—ecofeminism—are so deeply interconnected that I refuse to separate them. * * In an era where information about all the rapes, abuses, and tortures taking place inside industrial farm hellholes is everywhere, how can we look away?
So?

**a critique meant not to dismiss their broader feminist/anti-patriarchal activism, but to raise this exact quantitative question of consistency.*
*** ecofeminism: as Carol J. Adams defines it, ecofeminism is “a dynamic political theory that identifies how various forms of oppression are interconnected,” examining the ways in which sexism, heteronormativity, racism, colonialism, and ableism are fueled and supported by speciesism.*

Asking myself.

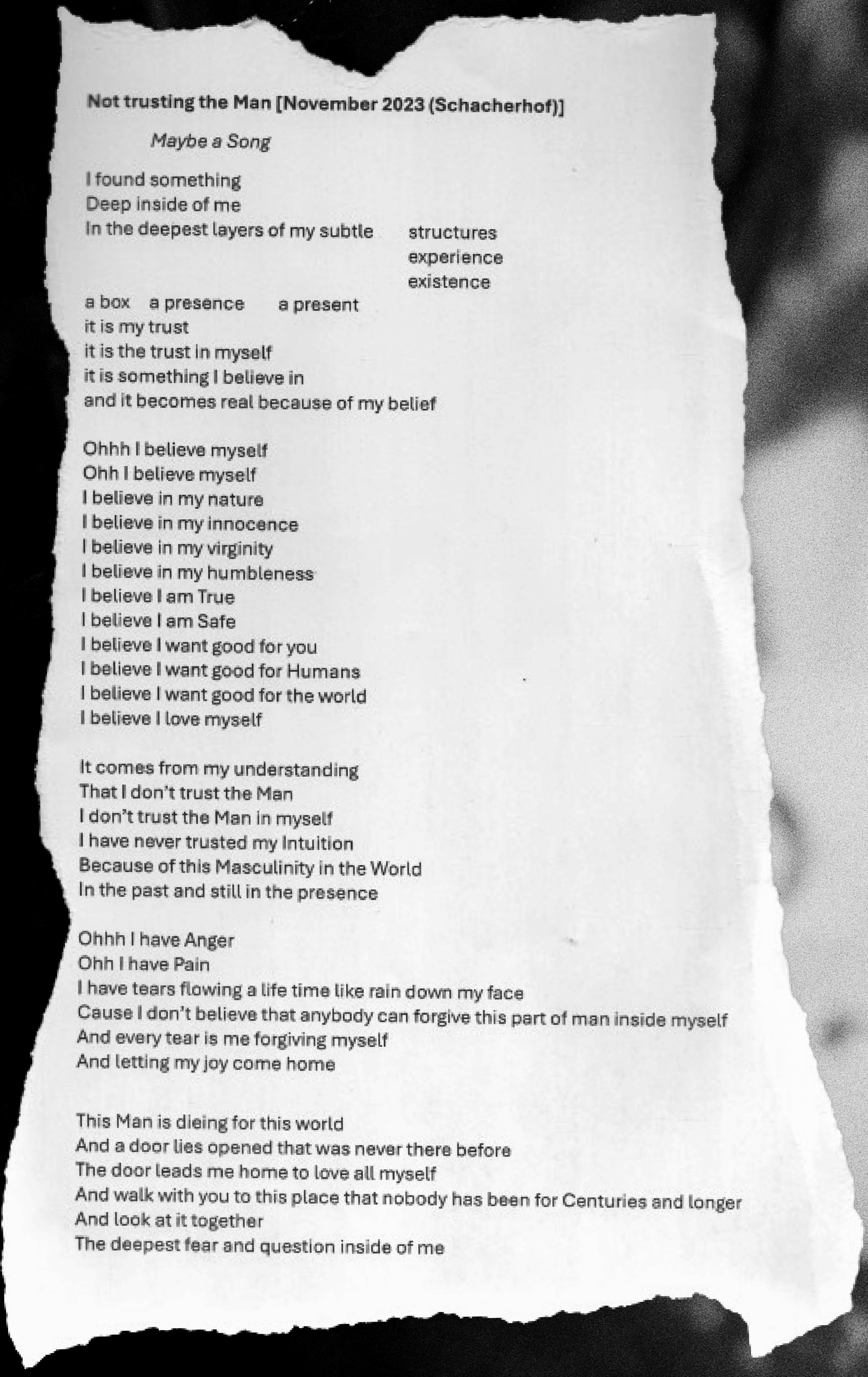
Realising and reflecting on how brief this mention is for such a serious and significant theme.

Ερώτημα 1
Πώς να αναδιαμορφώσουμε έναν κόσμο του οποίου τα θεμέλια εν η ανδρική υπεροχή;



E.F.HUTTON & CO

"Chipko Tree Huggers of the Himalayas", Uttarakhand, 1994, Photographer: Pamela Singh
Shelley Drake, Women's Liberation Movement, San Francisco, 1969, Unknown photographer, Bettmann Archive
Mariarosa Dalla Costa, International Women's Day, Venice,1974, Archive of Mariarosa Dalla Costa and the Archivio di Lotta Femminista



Not trusting the Man [November 2023 (Schacherhof)]

Maybe a Song

I found something
Deep inside of me
In the deepest layers of my subtle structures
experience
existence

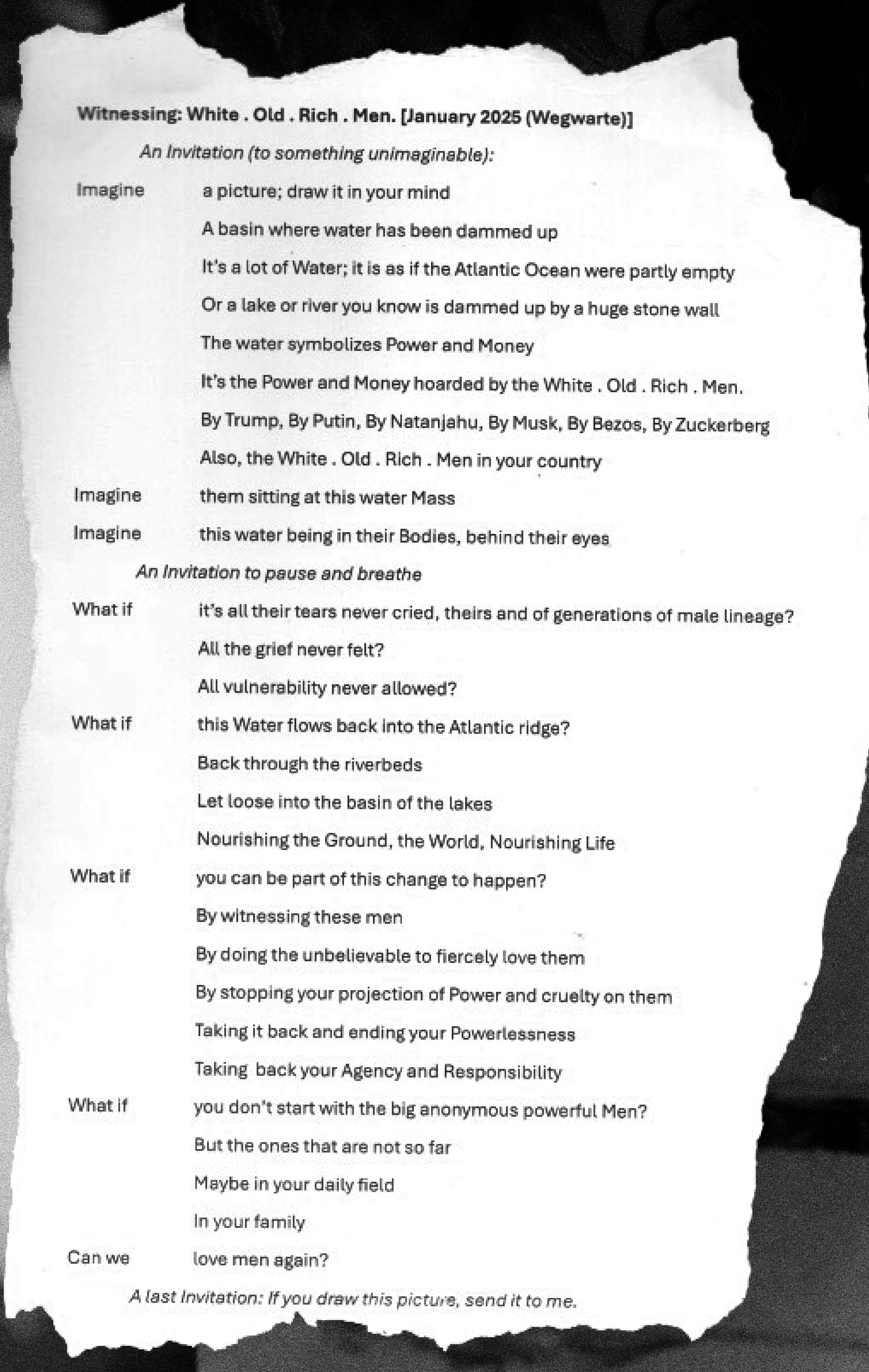
a box a presence a present
it is my trust
it is the trust in myself
it is something I believe in
and it becomes real because of my belief

Ohhh I believe myself
Ohh I believe myself
I believe in my nature
I believe in my innocence
I believe in my virginity
I believe in my humbleness
I believe I am True
I believe I am Safe
I believe I want good for you
I believe I want good for Humans
I believe I want good for the world
I believe I love myself

It comes from my understanding
That I don’t trust the Man
I don’t trust the Man in myself
I have never trusted my Intuition
Because of this Masculinity in the World
In the past and still in the presence

Ohhh I have Anger
Ohh I have Pain
I have tears flowing a life time like rain down my face
Cause I don’t believe that anybody can forgive this part of man inside myself
And every tear is me forgiving myself
And letting my joy come home

This Man is dieing for this world
And a door lies opened that was never there before
The door leads me home to love all myself
And walk with you to this place that nobody has been for Centuries and longer
And look at it together
The deepest fear and question inside of me



Witnessing: White . Old . Rich . Men. [January 2025 (Wegwarte)]

An Invitation (to something unimaginable):

Imagine a picture; draw it in your mind
A basin where water has been dammed up
It's a lot of Water; it is as if the Atlantic Ocean were partly empty
Or a lake or river you know is dammed up by a huge stone wall
The water symbolizes Power and Money
It's the Power and Money hoarded by the White . Old . Rich . Men.
By Trump, By Putin, By Natanjahu, By Musk, By Bezos, By Zuckerberg
Also, the White . Old . Rich . Men in your country
Imagine them sitting at this water Mass
Imagine this water being in their Bodies, behind their eyes

An Invitation to pause and breathe

What if it's all their tears never cried, theirs and of generations of male lineage?
All the grief never felt?
All vulnerability never allowed?
What if this Water flows back into the Atlantic ridge?
Back through the riverbeds
Let loose into the basin of the lakes
Nourishing the Ground, the World, Nourishing Life
What if you can be part of this change to happen?
By witnessing these men
By doing the unbelievable to fiercely love them
By stopping your projection of Power and cruelty on them
Taking it back and ending your Powerlessness
Taking back your Agency and Responsibility
What if you don't start with the big anonymous powerful Men?
But the ones that are not so far
Maybe in your daily field
In your family
Can we love men again?

A last Invitation: If you draw this picture, send it to me.

ripping the mended

facts:

14 year old boys don't actually have to have their first sexual experience in a brothel-
with their friends waiting outside- to see “if the job is done”

the 15 year old boys at school - smacking the buttocks of their classmates
“just as a joke”-

even the 8 year old boys- asking to see “under the skirts”-

16 year olds - while going up the stairs
walking behind/under the ones wearing skirts at school
to catch a glimpse of their bodies.

the parts shamed- the parts glorified-
the parts hidden- the parts pornographized-

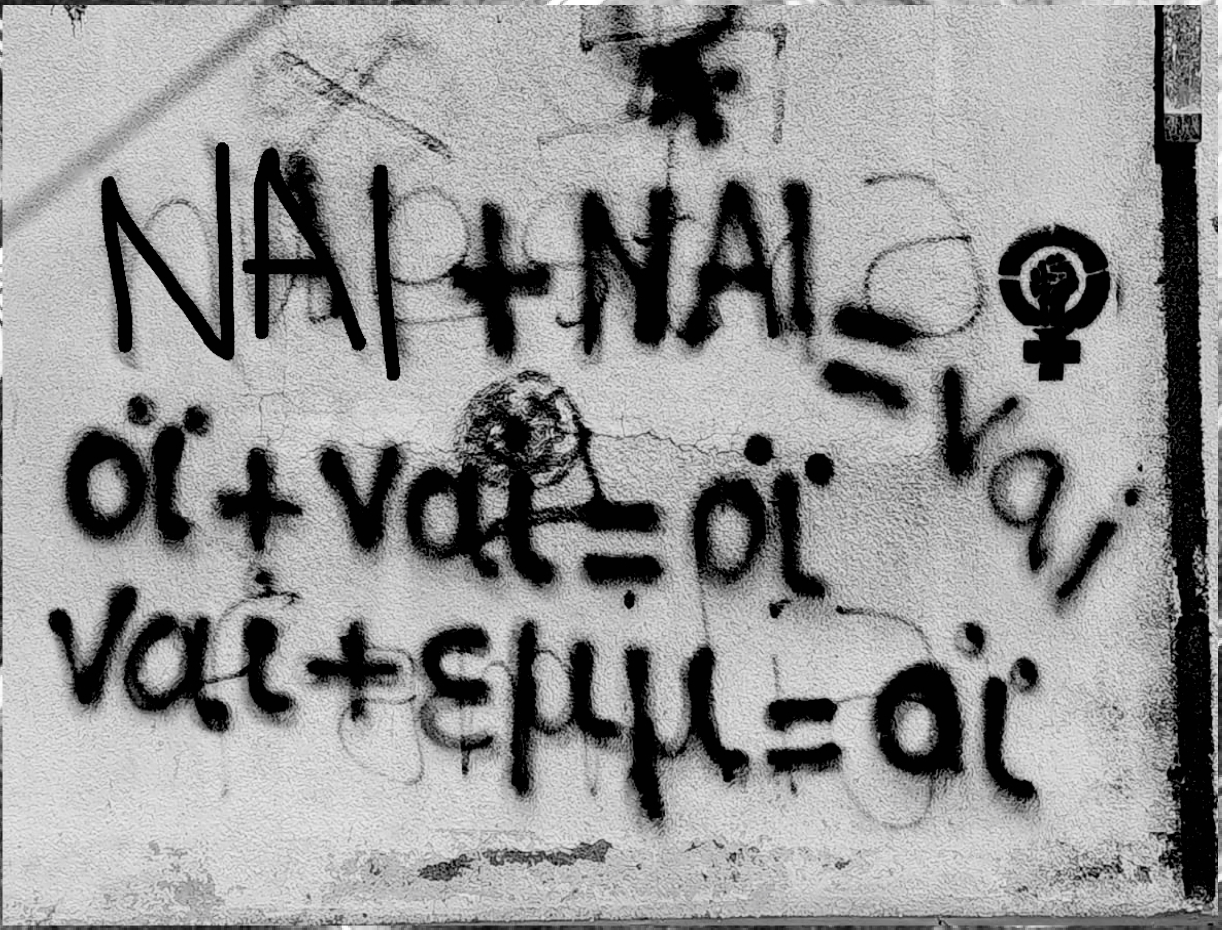
all at the same time.

the same boys at 17 and 18– cunningly forcing their date while sitting in a car in a
parking lot to touch her genitals
“even for a bit”, “even a little”, “without “destroying” her virginity” -

they don't really have to,
it's not an actual necessity written in a curriculum of sorts,
to not comprehend a “No”
verbally . nonverbally . hanging upside down.
in caps lock with a font size of 65.
telegraphed .
unsaid. unspoken. unwritten.
hiccupped after lunch.
dropped in a pond at five.
even like the flipflops the dog ate.

In any way you want to imagine that “No. “

They don't actually have to.
After all, “No.” is a complete sentence.


ΝΑΙ + ΝΑΙ = ναι
οϊ + ναι = οϊ
ναι + εμμ = οϊ

and the ones that become husbands unable to hear the person they married-
unable to see.
unable to make love.
unable to cradle their child with loving embrace
unable to teach them the right thing to do-
the right way to be.

Unable.

A whole series of awards from the wounded patriarchy.
Abuse
Un-loved

Un-able

To feel
To hold
To touch
To imagine
To know and understand what sensuality means in its deepest form

De-humanized- because being human means to be able to feel.

This part of the collective shadow of the human kind ;
un-felt-
the covering and pretending of desire and lust
over the lack of trust and touch

the abandoned one who cried in his room for hours
and showed up at the park at midnight with raging lust in his eyes
the one who showed up at his football match- in the locker room-
feeling that he had to show and measure his penis even if he didn't want to.
having to have had listened to how his friends told the distorted story
of how “she gave it to him”

in confusion and fear- but showing none and playing along– to be accepted among them.

Love your boys well.
So they can learn to love well.

and teach your boys to be delightfully un-accepted by the ones who normalize
sexualizing and objectifying.

Hold your boys so well– and let them run and climb and scream so well,
so well, that they will not need any kind of validation that exists at the boundaries
of toxicity.
The kind of acidic masculinity that can melt down lungs.

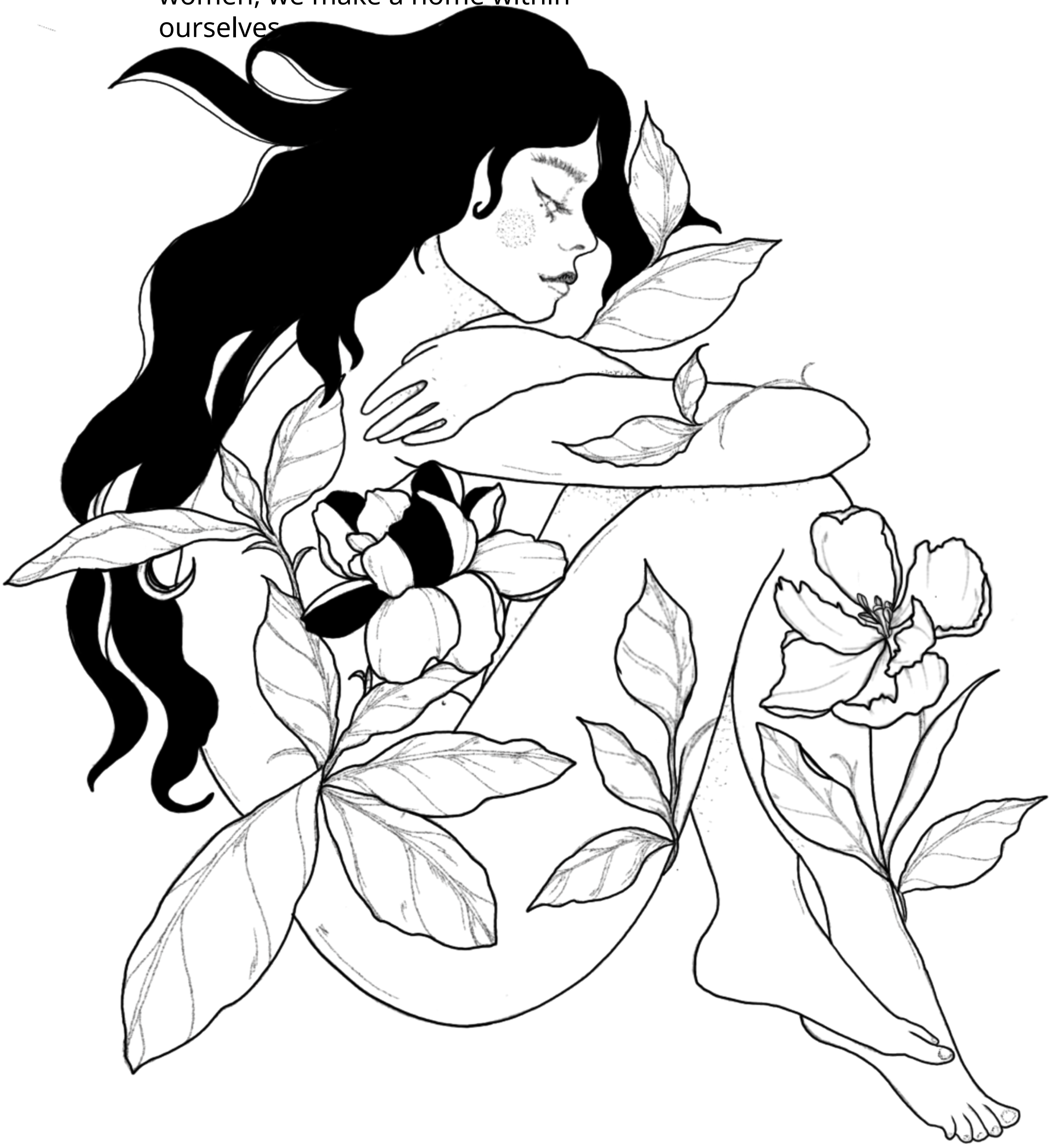
Love your boys well,
and show them that the world is a place worth dreaming for and living for.

They will be able to.

We bloom like flowers and this is the strongest form of existence and resistance.

I usually say that tattooing hurts less than the patriarchy. And I truly believe that being able to bloom on your own terms and speed is something that women are experiencing more and more. We are, more than ever, able to experience femininity on our own terms.
That's worth living, to me.

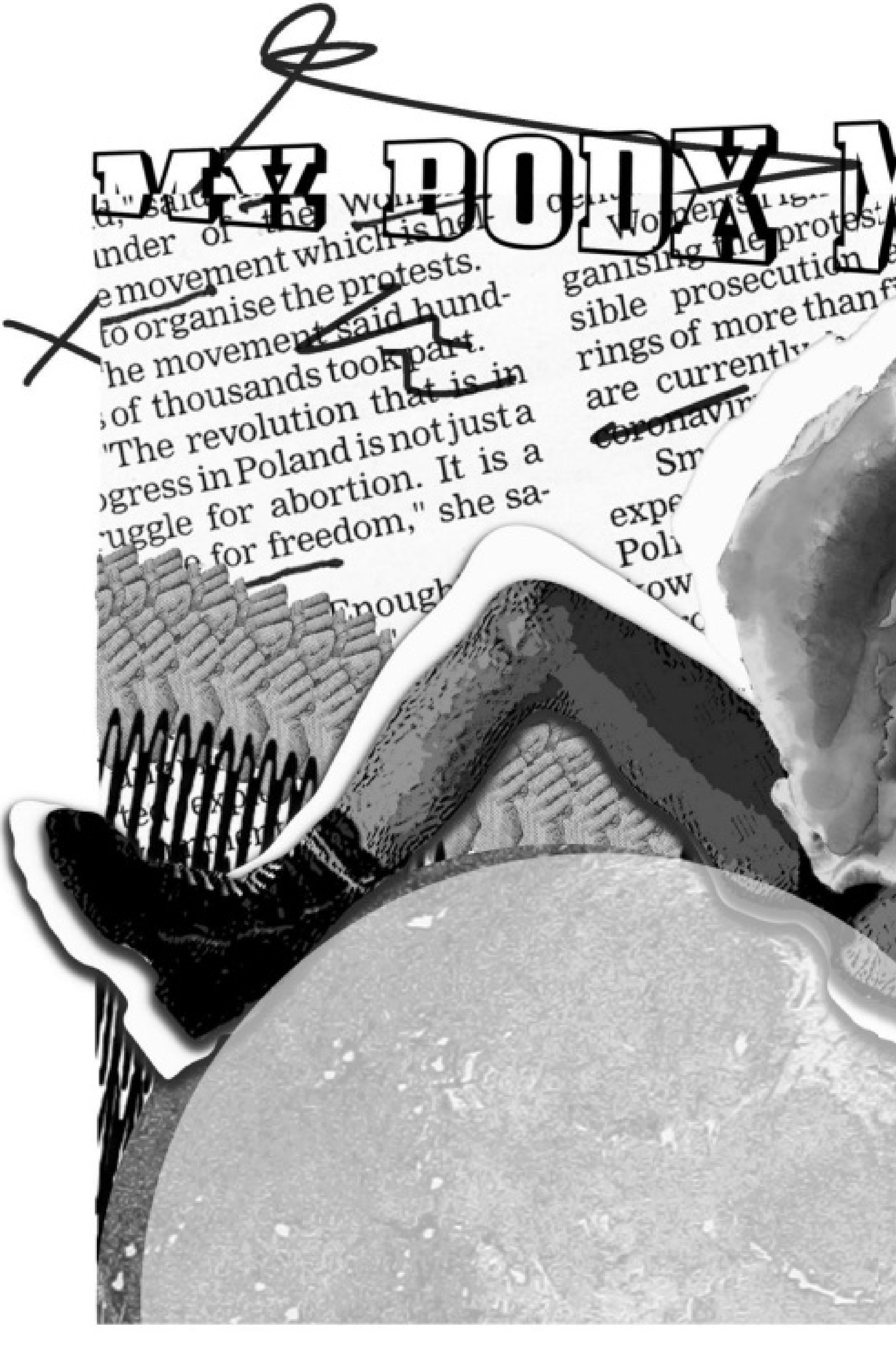
Bloom is the most beautiful verb: it's not about aging, it's always about transforming. We transform as women, we make a home within ourselves



it's my go-to story to tell about myself:
a drawing on my shoulder of a flowery bike,
a mark on my skin representing the people who shaped me,
but are no longer with me;
a friendship born out of that encounter - and more drawings-
-those that came already, and those still waiting in line.
it's not a casual thing at all.
while i've had my fair share of one-tattoo-stands in my life,
the ones that really matter are those born out of hands of recurring characters;

~~i was twenty three when i got~~ my first time was when i was twenty-
three: three letters on the inside of my arm.
then there were fruits and flowers that have ~~[illegible]~~ ripened and bloomed
on my body
- i was the one who planted all the seeds.
i was the one to decide, even if only in this one aspect,
what my skin looks like; how is this outer shell of mine shaped.

i had a rose tattooed onto my thigh because i wanted
~~a piece of my skin to be beautiful~~ there to be something
beautiful about me. i also had a fly tattooed onto my
arm because i wanted to carry something completely pointless.
and they were both by my own volition.
they were all by my own volition. on this skin, i am the one to -


MY BODY M
under of the women which is hel-
movement which
to organise the protests.
The movement said hund-
of thousands took part.
"The revolution that is in
progress in Poland is not just a
struggle for abortion. It is a
for freedom," she sa-
Enough
Women's strug-
ganising the protests
sible prosecution
rings of more than
are currently
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Sm
expe
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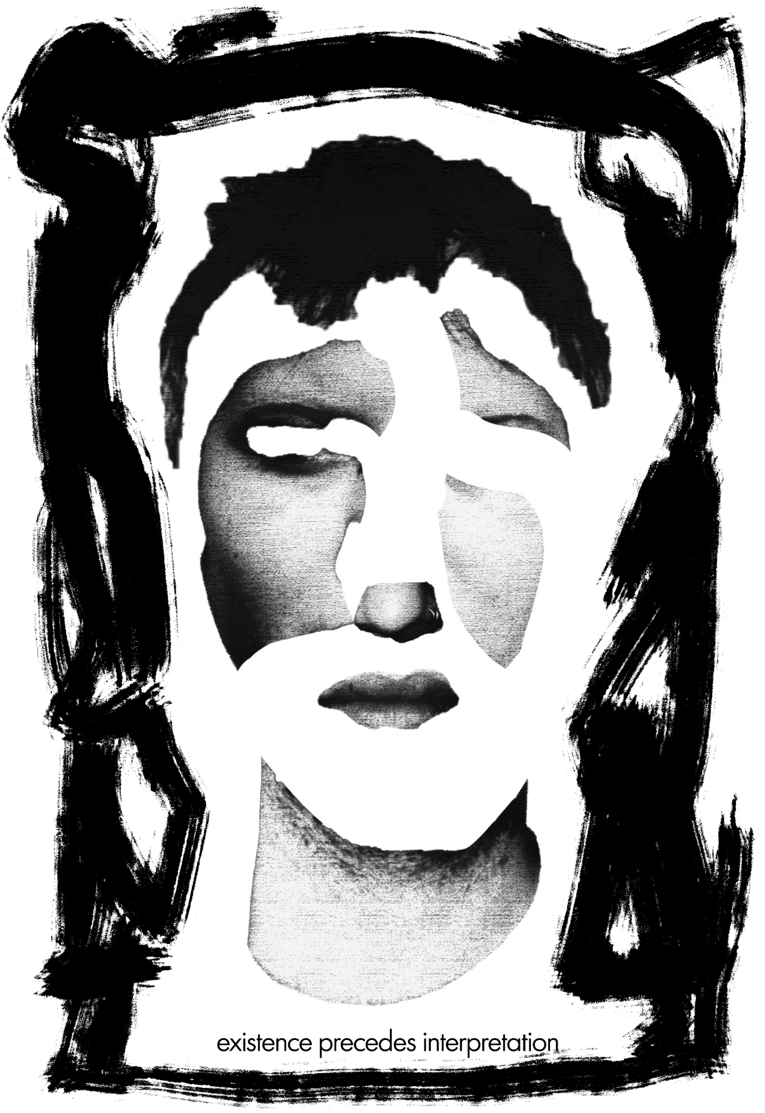
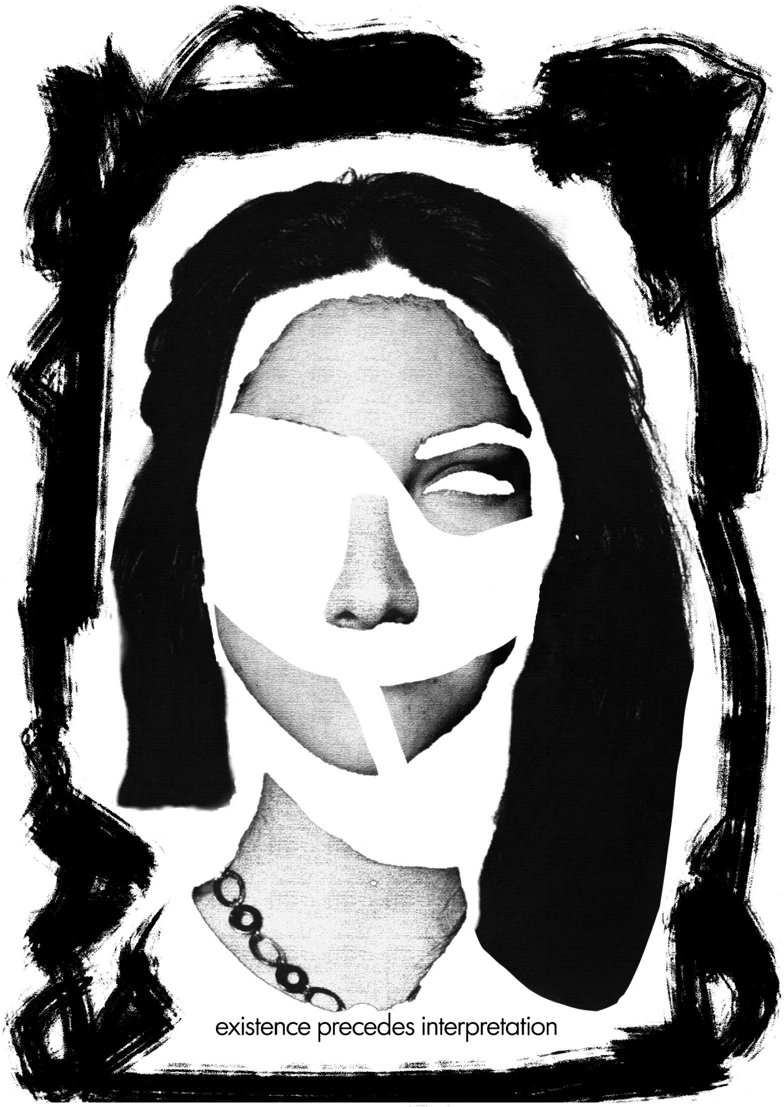
MY CHOICE


existence precedes interpretation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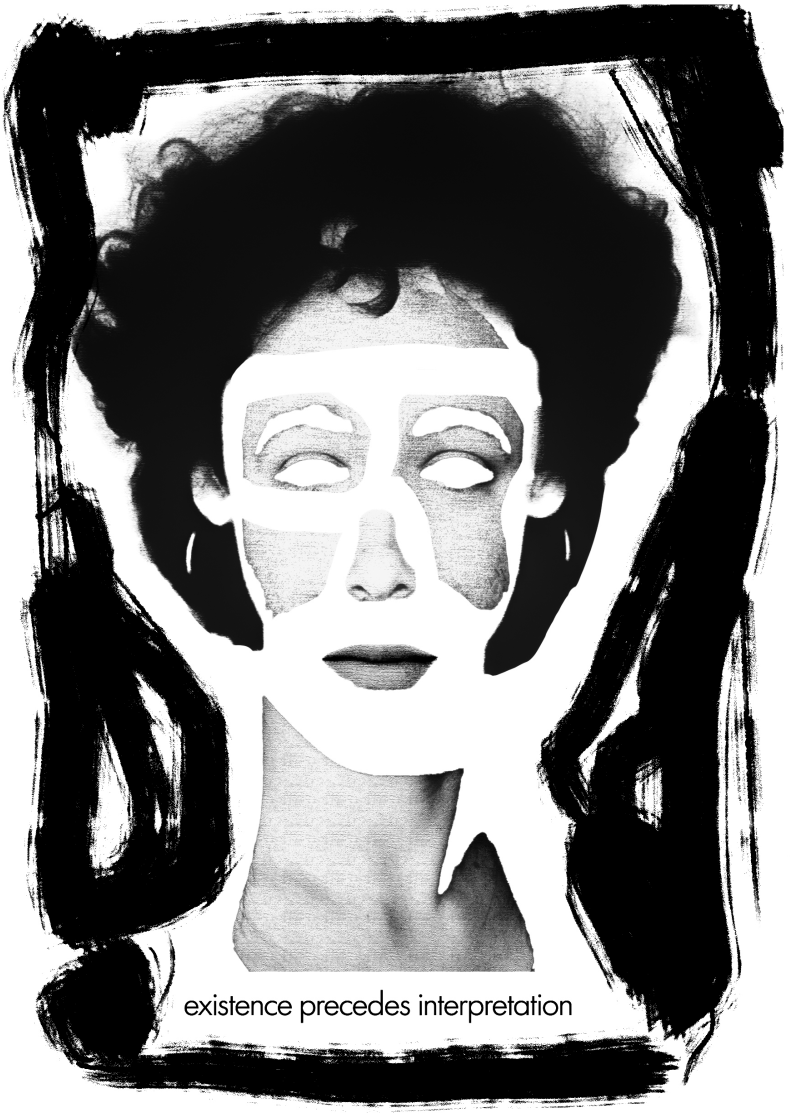
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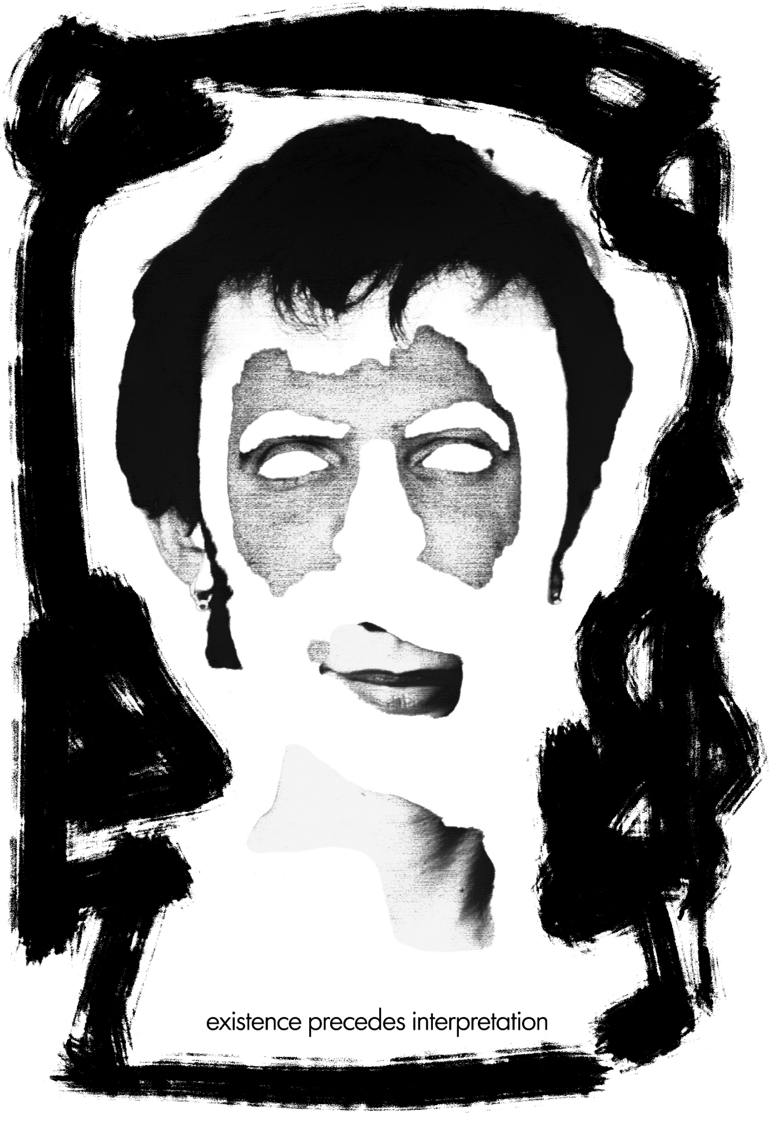
existence precedes interpretation

A continuous attempt at reconstruction, reformulation, and readjustment. The repeated failure to attain the “correct” interpretation reveals that the problemdoes not lie in the result of interpretation, but in the very attempt itself. As if existence requires interpretation in order to survive
The well-defined archetype
— the foundation upon which we all move in parallel. And within the distance imposed by this parallelism, our entire inability to truly present ourselves is concentrated. Autonomously, imperfectly, and self-luminously. Thus, for our existence to hold meaning within theirs, it must first be interpreted. But what if existence does not beg for meaing?
What if it remains uninterpreted?
What if we are the ones who keep changing the interpretations?

What

We are at an open space, a some-what skatepark, with my little sister. She is on her skateboard, gliding through the concrete space. I am seeing young people around, adolescents, older children– a girl with two stones tied to the end of two ropes, spinning them, practicing tricks.
I see someone around her age approaching her, and i hear them asking her this question with an attitude of mockery :
“Sooo, what gender are you today then?? a girl or a boy?”
My little sister replies with a neutral, calm tone: “I feel neither and both, I am in between and neutral”.

The girl with stones tied to ropes approaches them. She starts to bully my little sister for confidently expressing her non-binary nature, despising her. She says that she will take her skateboard. They start quarrelling, grabbing each other's arms, pulling and pushing in close proximity. I am in the distance observing what has unfolded in a split of a second. My little sister's back is turned to me, and I can see the face of the girl. I am slowly approaching.

All of sudden; I hear a gunshot from a long hunting gun.
The trigger has been pulled by the older brother of the girl– towards them.
The gun has been shot- powdering its unbearable, eardrum exploding sound in all its vibrancy.
I run- or to say more correctly; light-travel next to them- to my little sister- praying, praying, praying in panic that she didn't get shot, that she is alive, that no one got shot and they are both fine.

Two little sisters half-fall into an embrace of each other, as one receives the gunshot to their body.
Blood stains become visible on both of them immediately, spreading as if a paintbrush soaked in water and watercolour dripped onto wet aquarel paper. An instant crawl of red expanding outwards from a midpoint, on cloth and skin.
I feel an immense pain surfacing from the depth of all the sorrows that have ever inhabited my body and my system- my pupils enlarge so much that I can see the dust specks in the air between us- me and them- them; who have just been shot at.

My little sister collapses…

If i were a tall thin tree at that moment, somewhere in the middle of a field, on a day of a thunderstorm, and lighting had just struck me, it would split me in more than half in all directions, and scattered apart even my roots into the soil they inhabited, rumbled the ground herself and would have made worms and underground beasts turn back from the corners they were about to walk around—

My little sister– in my arms— has been shot, not from anywhere that can be saved, but exactly from her heart.
I can not believe it. I enter a crisis. How did this happen?

A scream of the agony, of all mammals on Earth combined, leaves my lungs, towards the ceiling of the sky. A scream that could shatter the very existence of particles holding this whole realm together.
I am shouting “Call an ambulance nowww!”
I am in crisis, shouting “My little sister! My little sister! She is shot! She is hurt!” hitting the ground, pulling my hair- i can see the echoes of my voice in the field, hitting back from the walls.

No one seems to understand the seriousness of what has just happened.
Youngsters are there, looking at us, hearing my scream and call but no one seems to be acting upon the crisis. No one seems to be calling an ambulance.

My little sister is dead. In my arms.

if ?

This is a dream that has been working its way through me since I was visited by it.

How many “little sisters” have been killed in the name of protecting a stone holding bully?

How many times have we killed our own nonbinary ways of being? The ways of being outside of the normalized and tidily ironed and folded shirts of gendered-ness? How about all those times we have pulled the trigger into the heart of the silk soft sea at a morning hour, for holding so much vastness?

How many stones have we held in our hands, ready to hit the one in us that is fully at home in their body? How many times has a voice not been heard while being so loud?

How many times has shame and blame had things to say for the spaciousness of in-between?

Haven't “neither” and “both” tried to plant a medicinal herb garden together?

How many times has agony felt so real, signalling something worth feeling for? Something worth ripping apart the neat embroidery of petal patterns, to allow cobwebs and spider threads to expose themselves from a widely open wound starting from below the chin, travelling all the way down to the navel.

How many times have we murdered our own imagination? The kind of imagination that exists and nonexists in the dawning of horizons never seen before and always there at the same time.

How many times, you tell me, or i tell you, have we stood there inside the very boxes or files or just folded envelopes we hid up on shelves and under beds, down in basements and outside in storage spaces or in that “third room” in the house that no one ever used, or in that two centimetre narrow gap between two forgotten books in a cupboard. How many times have we dared to stand inside those spaces-? in the dust, in the mold, with the paper edges that rats chewed on, with a jasmine petal falling out of a journal from a very long time ago. Or would we dare to even lay down in these metaphorical spaces and allow the scents of that “gunpowder” in the dreamscape to overtake us and show us what hidden truths lay beneath them?

What about the ones inside ourselves who do not want to hear the scream for help, when a beautiful creature in us has been killed for the sake of “belonging” over authenticity?

The ones in us who freeze in moments of crisis- because that's what they learned to do for survival.

The one in us that is feeling the grief of the death of that little sister?

How about the ones in us who actually know the exact numbers to press, and the precise actions to take in times of those crises?

And the one in us that would erupt volcanos all at once to bring her back.

Would bare handedly take that bullet out of that heart and wear it as a jewel to remember.

Would drip back life into the heart that was pierced, by sliding a teardrop into the opening where the bullet entered - would allow it to melt in there, bring forward the parted flesh that was torn, so they would collide into knitting one another into each other again.

What if- it is time to welcome back “the little sister” ?

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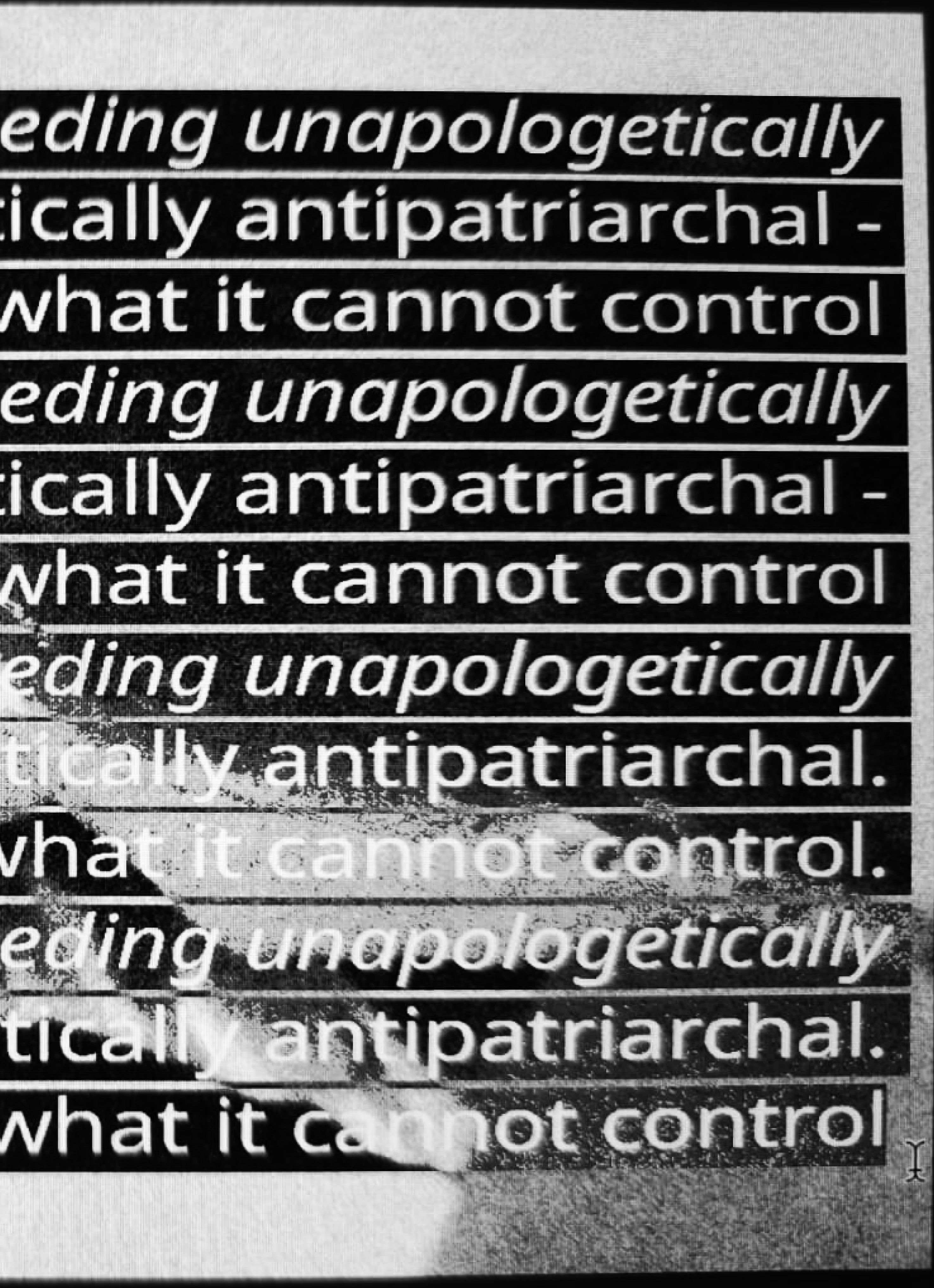

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I will never know what boredom is

It started as a passing habit; I would wander through secondhand markets without looking for anything specific. I was simply drawn to anything lost or abandoned. I began to come across photographs and portraits of women, most of them nameless, many with no faces or faces turned away from the camera. I didn't know them, but something about their presence unsettled me, or perhaps reassured me.
At first, I thought it was just a coincidence. But as the images accumulated, a strange feeling grew with them, one I couldn't name or define precisely. A kind of closeness in their gestures, the repetitive details around them, and the quiet stillness that surrounded them.
I began to imagine: Who were they? What filled their days? What inner worlds stirred beneath this familiar surface?
Why do I feel this deep connection with pictures of women I don't know?
I think about the women in my family, and their relationship with boredom.

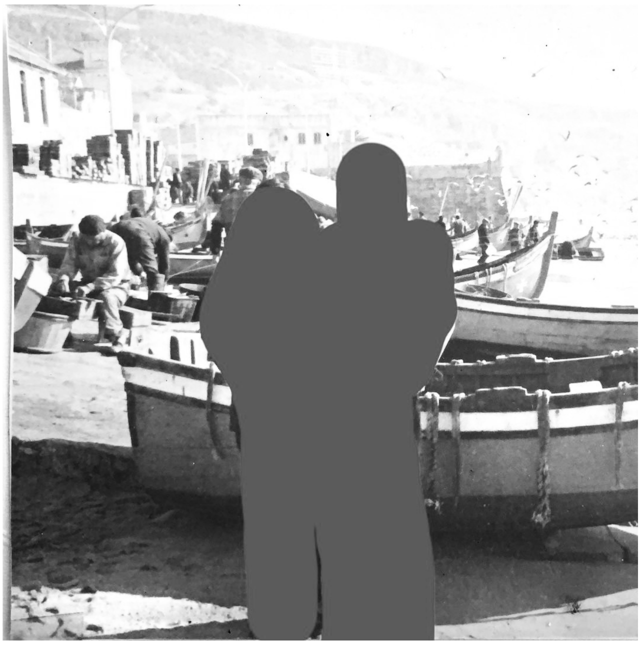
How did you spend long days in which the hours and details were the same, without a constant effort to create excitement or something new?

What does it mean for life to be boring, not because it is empty, but because it is familiar, stagnant, and quiet?

What can I learn from them? From those who lived in the shadow of routine, and perhaps found a kind of peace in it? How were they able to endure the passage of time so slowly, and how did they read the world within the limits of the "ordinary"?

I remember my grandmother's hands folding the laundry. My mother always moved between rooms with a clear purpose. My aunts called from the kitchen, trying out a new recipe or perfecting an old one. Cooking was a passion, a ritual, a daily rhythm, but it was also wrapped in duty, caring for others more than oneself.

It was a routine of silence and unpaid work, passed down without being asked.



I began to wonder: What did boredom look like to them? Was it heavy? Sad? Or something else entirely?

I once read that housework - especially women's work - was designed to disappear, that its monotony is not natural, but imposed.

I realized then that my feelings were not individual but structural.

I am a dopamine addict who doesn't know how to get through the day without constant stimulation.

I long for a world where I can close my eyes and imagine a life filled with boredom. I can't remember the last time I sat during the hours of slowness.

but…
maybe,
Those women,
Those pictures,
They are teaching me something.
It teaches me to be patient.
To stay in the slowness.

لم أعرف يومًا ما هو الملل

بدأ الأمر بعادة: التجوّل في أسواق الأشياء القديمة. لم أكن أبحث عن شيء محدد، كنت فقط منجذبة إلى كلّ ما هو ضائع، أو متروك.

بدأت أُصادف صورًا، بورتريهات لنساء، معظمهن بلا أسماء، كثيرات بلا وجوه أو بوجوه مُدارة. لم أكن أعرفهن، لكن شيئًا في حضورهن أربكني. أو ربما طمأنني. في البداية، بدا الأمر وكأنه صدفة. لكن مع تراكُم الصور، تراكَم أيضًا شعور لم أستطع تحديده تمامًا، قربٌ غريب. إيماءاتهم، تكرار التفاصيل من حولهم، السكون الهادئ في حياتهم. بدأت أتخيل من كُنّ. ما الذي كان يملأ أيامهن؟ أي نوع من العوالم الداخلية كان يخفق تحت هذا السطح؟

ماذا أشعر عندما أنظر إلى صور لنساء لا أعرفهن؟

لماذا أشعر بهذا الاتصال القوي معهن؟

أفكّر في نساء عائلتي وفكرة الملل بالنسبة لهنّ.

كيف كان لهنّ أن يعشن أيامًا طويلة تتكرر فيها التفاصيل، وتتشابه الساعات، دون سعي دائم للإثارة أو التجديد؟ ماذا يعني أن تكون الحياة مملّة، لا لأنّها فارغة، بل لأنّها مألوفة، راكدة، هادئة؟ ماذا يمكنني أن أتعلم منهنّ؟

أولئك اللواتي عشن في ظلّ الرتابة، وربّما وجدن فيها نوعًا من السلام؟ كيف استطعنَ أن يتحمّلن مرور الوقت بهذا البطء، وكيف قرأنَ العالم من داخل حدود "العادي"؟

أستذكر يدا جدّتي تطويان الغسيل. أمي تتحرّك بين الغرف، دائمًا بنية واضحة. عمّاتي، دائمًا ينادين من المطبخ، يجربن وصفة جديدة أو يُتقنّ وصفة قديمة. وجدن في الطبخ نوعًا من الشغف، طقسًا، إيقاعًا، لكن حتى ذلك الشغف كان مغلفًا بالواجب، بالعناية بالآخرين أكثر من العناية بالذات. الروتين، الصمت، العمل غير المدفوع الذي يُورّث دون تسؤال.

بدأت أتساءل: كيف كان يبدو الملل بالنسبة لهنّ؟

هل كان ثقيلاً؟ حزينًا؟ أم شيئًا آخر تمامًا؟

أعود إلى شيء قرأته ذات مرة: أن العمل المنزلي، وخصوصًا عمل النساء، صُمم ليختفي. أن رتابته ليست طبيعية، بل مفروضة. أدركت أن هذه المشاعر لم تكن فردية.

كانت بنيوية.

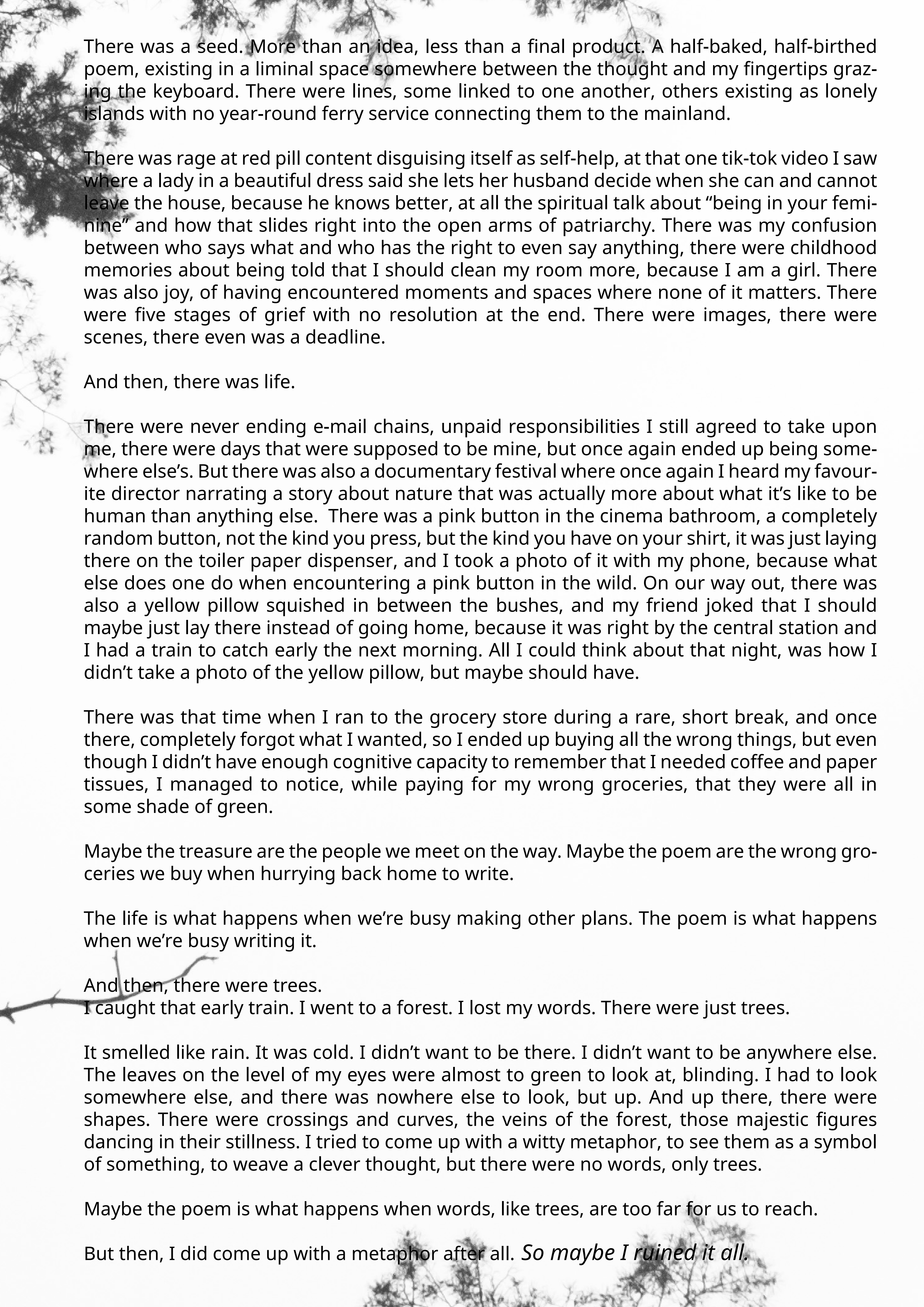
لدي إدمان على الدوبامين ولا أستطيع مواصلة يومي دون أن أكون محاطًا بتحفيز مستمر.

أريد أن أكون في عالم أغمض فيه عينيّ، وأتخيلّ حياة مليئة بالملل.

لا أتذكّر آخر مرة جلستُ فيها في ساعات البطء.

لكن... ربما،
هؤلاء النساء،
هذه الصور،
تعلّمنني،
أن أتروّى.
أن أبقى...
و أتمسك بالبطء.

- سيندي شهاب



There was a seed. More than an idea, less than a final product. A half-baked, half-birthed poem, existing in a liminal space somewhere between the thought and my fingertips grazing the keyboard. There were lines, some linked to one another, others existing as lonely islands with no year-round ferry service connecting them to the mainland.

There was rage at red pill content disguising itself as self-help, at that one tik-tok video I saw where a lady in a beautiful dress said she lets her husband decide when she can and cannot leave the house, because he knows better, at all the spiritual talk about “being in your feminine” and how that slides right into the open arms of patriarchy. There was my confusion between who says what and who has the right to even say anything, there were childhood memories about being told that I should clean my room more, because I am a girl. There was also joy, of having encountered moments and spaces where none of it matters. There were five stages of grief with no resolution at the end. There were images, there were scenes, there even was a deadline.

And then, there was life.

There were never ending e-mail chains, unpaid responsibilities I still agreed to take upon me, there were days that were supposed to be mine, but once again ended up being somewhere else’s. But there was also a documentary festival where once again I heard my favourite director narrating a story about nature that was actually more about what it’s like to be human than anything else. There was a pink button in the cinema bathroom, a completely random button, not the kind you press, but the kind you have on your shirt, it was just laying there on the toiler paper dispenser, and I took a photo of it with my phone, because what else does one do when encountering a pink button in the wild. On our way out, there was also a yellow pillow squished in between the bushes, and my friend joked that I should maybe just lay there instead of going home, because it was right by the central station and I had a train to catch early the next morning. All I could think about that night, was how I didn’t take a photo of the yellow pillow, but maybe should have.

There was that time when I ran to the grocery store during a rare, short break, and once there, completely forgot what I wanted, so I ended up buying all the wrong things, but even though I didn’t have enough cognitive capacity to remember that I needed coffee and paper tissues, I managed to notice, while paying for my wrong groceries, that they were all in some shade of green.

Maybe the treasure are the people we meet on the way. Maybe the poem are the wrong groceries we buy when hurrying back home to write.

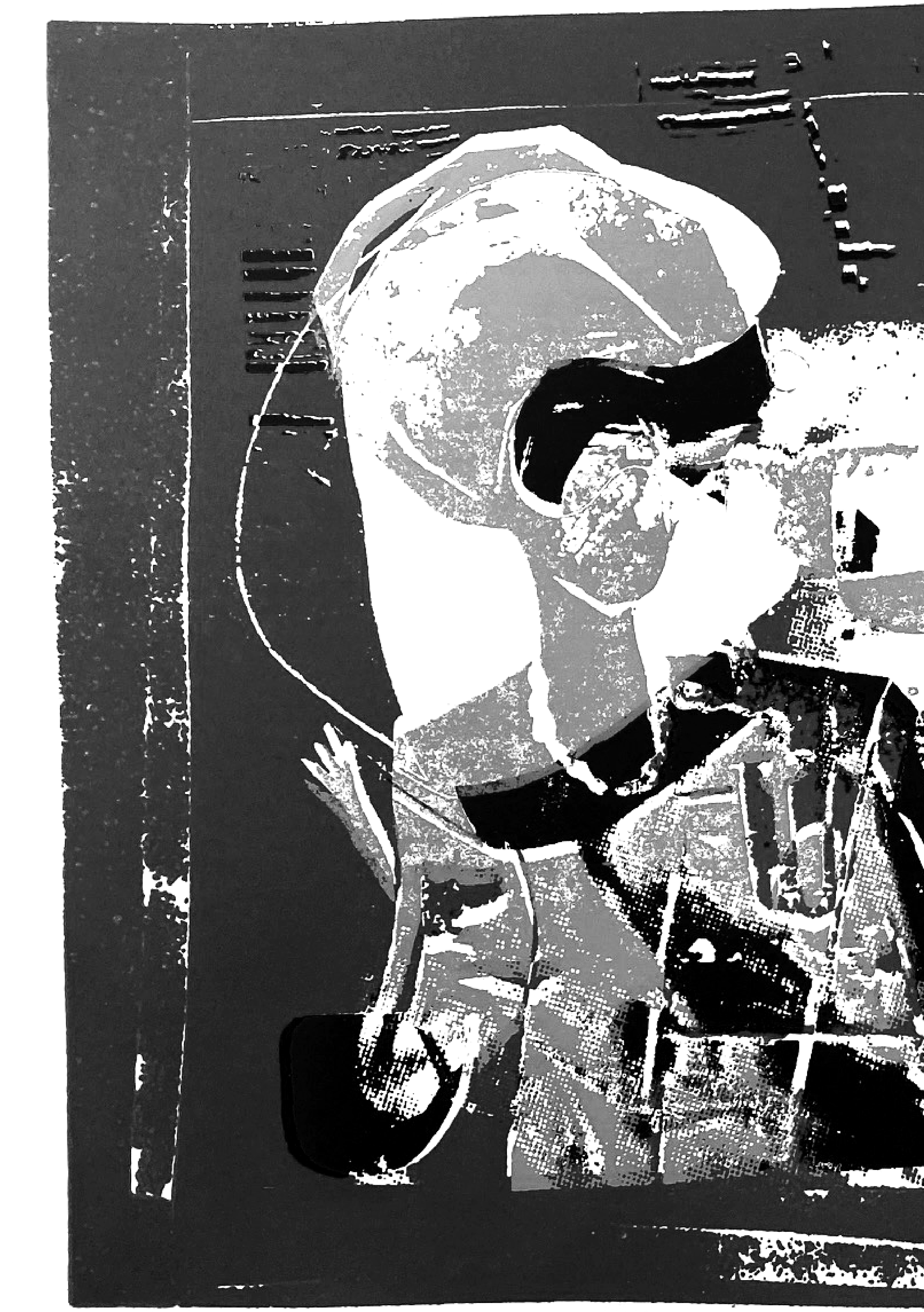
The life is what happens when we’re busy making other plans. The poem is what happens when we’re busy writing it.

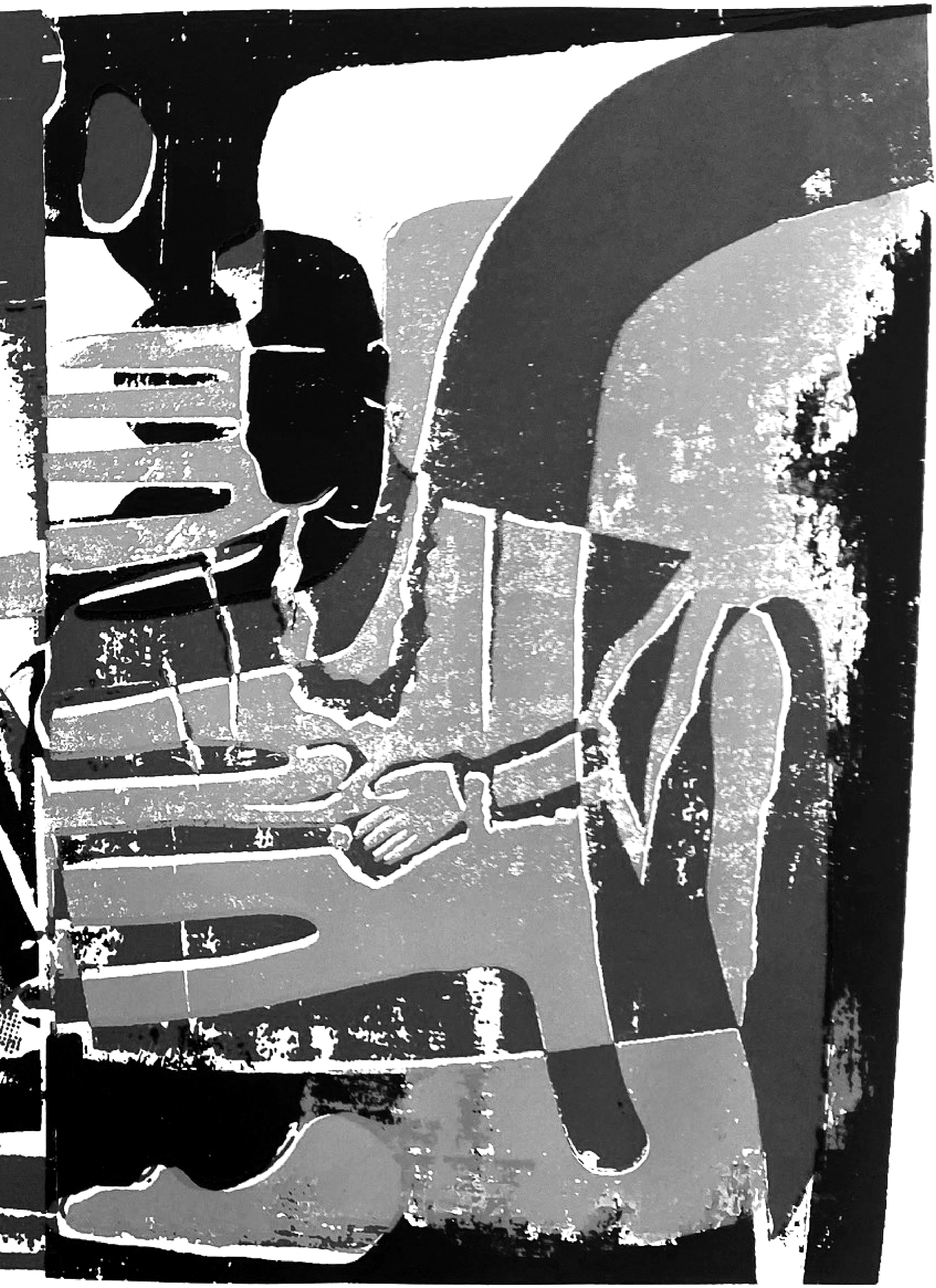
And then, there were trees.
I caught that early train. I went to a forest. I lost my words. There were just trees.

It smelled like rain. It was cold. I didn’t want to be there. I didn’t want to be anywhere else. The leaves on the level of my eyes were almost to green to look at, blinding. I had to look somewhere else, and there was nowhere else to look, but up. And up there, there were shapes. There were crossings and curves, the veins of the forest, those majestic figures dancing in their stillness. I tried to come up with a witty metaphor, to see them as a symbol of something, to weave a clever thought, but there were no words, only trees.

Maybe the poem is what happens when words, like trees, are too far for us to reach.

But then, I did come up with a metaphor after all. *So maybe I ruined it all.*





Sacred union with Life

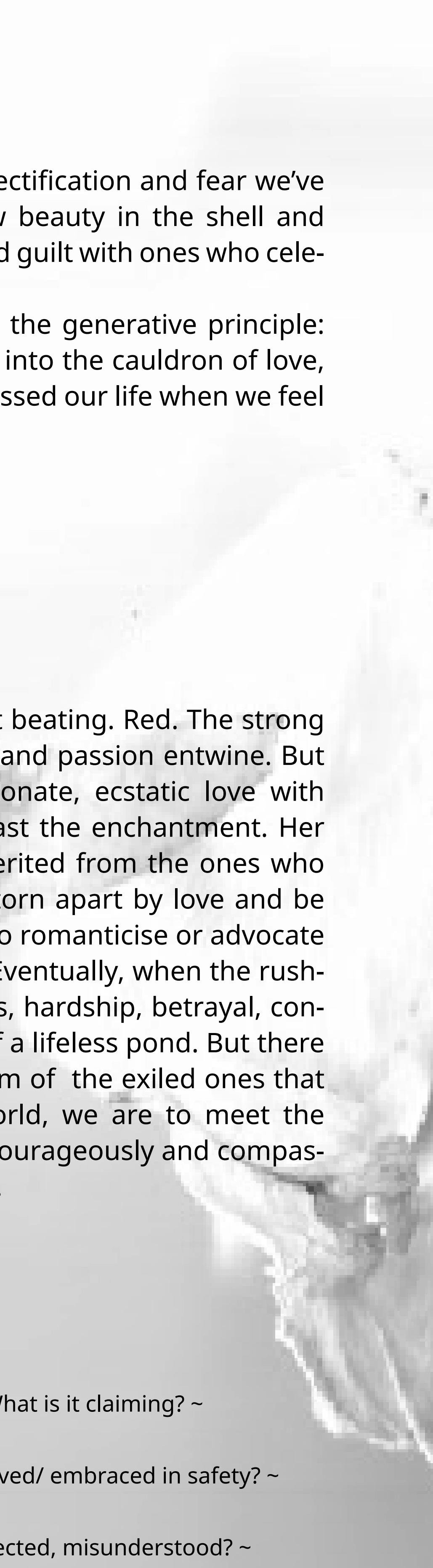
What if the way we love anOther is the way we love our true Self? What if the way we love anOther is the way we love the world?

Love,
an endless thread of lineage (lineage originates from the Latin root linea, which literally means a string, line, or thread) that wove every single one of us into being.

~ Pause to deeply breathe in and out in honour of the thousands of ancestors
that stand at the root of our being ~

What is this force that necessarily inhabits our lives, in its manifold ways, in presence, absence and a mix of both?
What whispers and secrets does it carry?
What does it ask of us?
At this crossroads of enquiry, the paths to track Love are as many as the lives reading these words. I now invite you to trail one mere possibility in the sea of love, by becoming a water creature and plunging with me into the undercurrents under the river, into the lifestream.

Aphrodite, Love and Deep Water
Beautiful Love goddess, born of the frothy sea waves on the shores of the land of Cyprus. Why do I call her to our midst today? Because in her shores, under her guise, I have been forged into a new creature. One that keeps shedding, unfolding, unfurling, loving deeper. I invoke her because I, too, have diminished her medicine, have reduced her, have reduced myself. And so I honour her, the initiator through Love, as I honour the path that brought me here, to this exact moment.
Reshaped and rebirthed into the Olympian pantheon, Aphrodite’s lineage is as old as Earth itself. A shattered fragment of the Mother Goddess of animistic pre-historic imagination, Aphrodite enters our collective patriarchal “modern” mind as the beautiful enchantress/ seductor. Often her tales revolve around the mistress, the adulteress, the disruptor of household harmony. These themes point to underlying concepts of hierarchy, power over, ownership, objectification. This is where we collectively stand, and it’s empowering to locate ourselves when navigating. By reducing her to these images, we spotlight the shadow of Aphrodite, mirroring the contemporary collective organizing principles of our society. These images, in turn, offer imaginal possibilities that shape the narratives we embody with our lives.

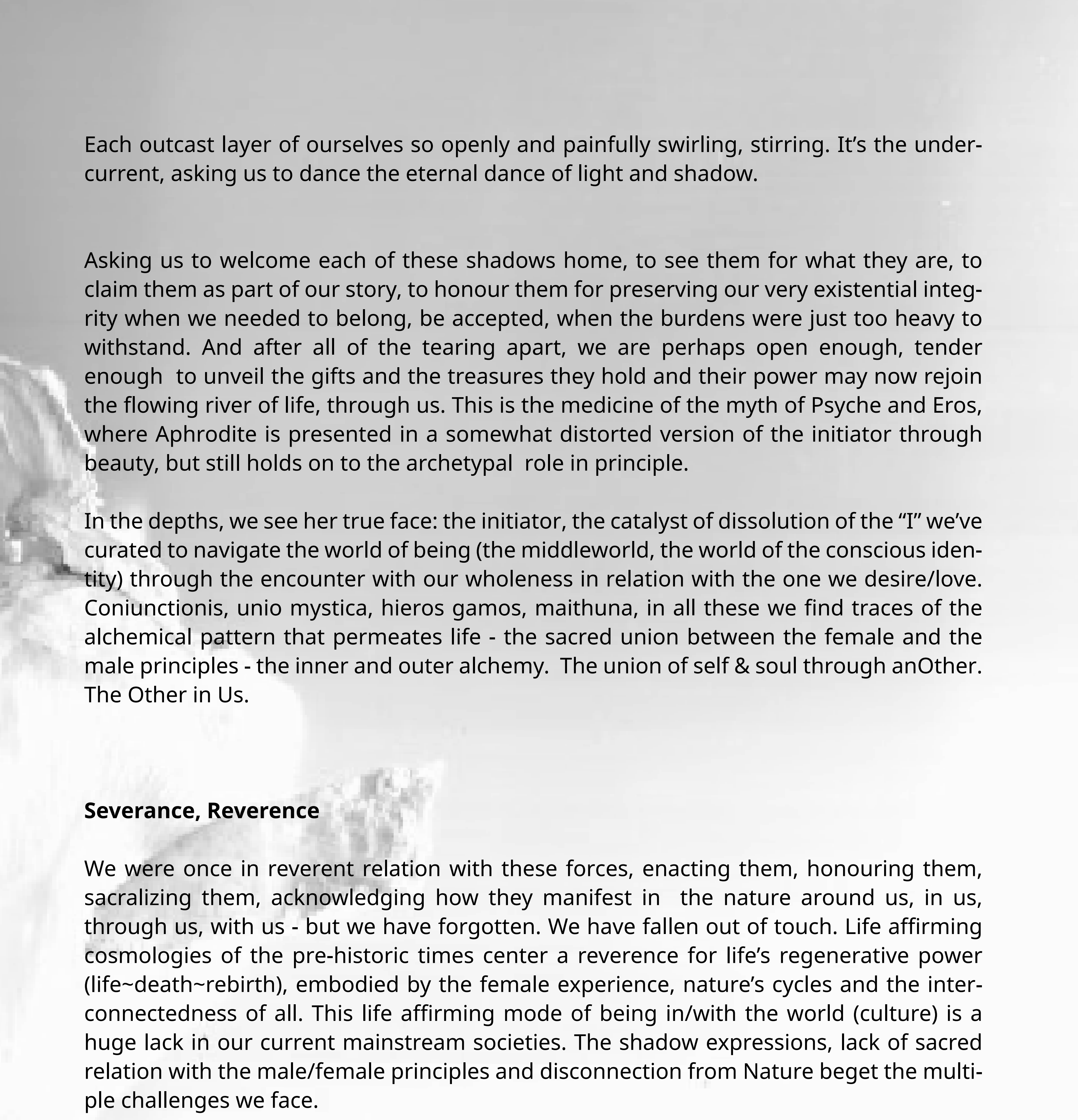


And so, I wish to undress Aphrodite from the garments of objectification and fear we've projected on her, layer by layer. To celebrate her naked raw beauty in the shell and replace the side figures that rush to oppress her with shame and guilt with ones who celebrate her alchemical wisdom.
In her majestic abundant nakedness, what emerges whole is the generative principle: Aphrodite as the attractive force, a force that pulls two beings into the cauldron of love, from which no soul emerges intact. We know Aphrodite has blessed our life when we feel the enchantment, the pulsation, the yearning

~ Do you know/remember that feeling?
Where is it awakening in you right now?
Which currents are stirring?~

and the spark is usually luminous beauty. Blood flowing, heart beating. Red. The strong current carries the lovers to a waterfall of ecstasy where love and passion entwine. But Aphrodite doesn't merely throw us in the streams of passionate, ecstatic love with ever-blissful promises, she asks us to linger in the tension past the enchantment. Her ancient root summons the deep wisdom/ intuition we've inherited from the ones who came before us: to surrender to the fruitful darkness, to be torn apart by love and be reborn a little bit more whole (disclaimer: this is not intended to romanticise or advocate for enduring relationships that are dishonouring in any way). Eventually, when the rushing waters slow down, we may meet disenchantment, ugliness, hardship, betrayal, confrontation, apathy... the list is endless. The flat murky waters of a lifeless pond. But there is a promise in this pond: we are being summoned to the realm of the exiled ones that lodge in the deep dark waters. Here, in the underwater world, we are to meet the disowned parts of ourselves: our shadows, and are invited to courageously and compassionately look each of these dark wise ones straight in the eye.

We may encounter
anger
~ Have you met your anger? How has it shown up in your life? What is it claiming? ~
, grief
~ What part of you was not truly seen, wanted? What despair was not lived/ embraced in safety? ~
, shame
~ What or who did you have to bury deep in fear that it would be rejected, misunderstood? ~
, guilt
~ What or who couldn't you bury and now see in the face of the other? ~



Each outcast layer of ourselves so openly and painfully swirling, stirring. It’s the undercurrent, asking us to dance the eternal dance of light and shadow.

Asking us to welcome each of these shadows home, to see them for what they are, to claim them as part of our story, to honour them for preserving our very existential integrity when we needed to belong, be accepted, when the burdens were just too heavy to withstand. And after all of the tearing apart, we are perhaps open enough, tender enough to unveil the gifts and the treasures they hold and their power may now rejoin the flowing river of life, through us. This is the medicine of the myth of Psyche and Eros, where Aphrodite is presented in a somewhat distorted version of the initiator through beauty, but still holds on to the archetypal role in principle.

In the depths, we see her true face: the initiator, the catalyst of dissolution of the “I” we’ve curated to navigate the world of being (the middleworld, the world of the conscious identity) through the encounter with our wholeness in relation with the one we desire/love. Coniunctionis, unio mystica, hieros gamos, maithuna, in all these we find traces of the alchemical pattern that permeates life - the sacred union between the female and the male principles - the inner and outer alchemy. The union of self & soul through anOther. The Other in Us.

Severance, Reverence

We were once in reverent relation with these forces, enacting them, honouring them, sacralizing them, acknowledging how they manifest in the nature around us, in us, through us, with us - but we have forgotten. We have fallen out of touch. Life affirming cosmologies of the pre-historic times center a reverence for life’s regenerative power (life~death~rebirth), embodied by the female experience, nature’s cycles and the interconnectedness of all. This life affirming mode of being in/with the world (culture) is a huge lack in our current mainstream societies. The shadow expressions, lack of sacred relation with the male/female principles and disconnection from Nature beget the multiple challenges we face.
How can we be in reverent relation again? How can we nourish the feminine and masculine principles (in self and in the whole as mirrors of each other) into restored sacred relation, in a world that has not provided the grounds/ templates for that for a very long time? That has actively tried to annihilate any trace of what that looked like. There’s not one answer to that. There’s lives and there’s stories and there’s pain and there’s joy and there’s life and death and resurrection. And there’s the knowing in our bodies that is inherently our birth gift and cannot not be erased, despite all the conscious or less consequential intentions. Perhaps if we follow the ancient stories - the myths, the undomesticated realm of wild forces - and trace them back to their roots before they were sequestered and shaped by the painful extractive, isolating paradigms we chose to embody.

The *deeper soulful* knowing is there. It's inside. Perhaps if we stop and listen.

~ Do you stop often? What does the stillness whisper? What stories echo there? ~

My prayer is that we each respond to the call to hunt down the lost paths in the wilderness. The footprints have faded and the trails are covered by thick layers of thorns and lifeless empty promises, but they remain, waiting to be rediscovered and filled with new daring and loving steps.

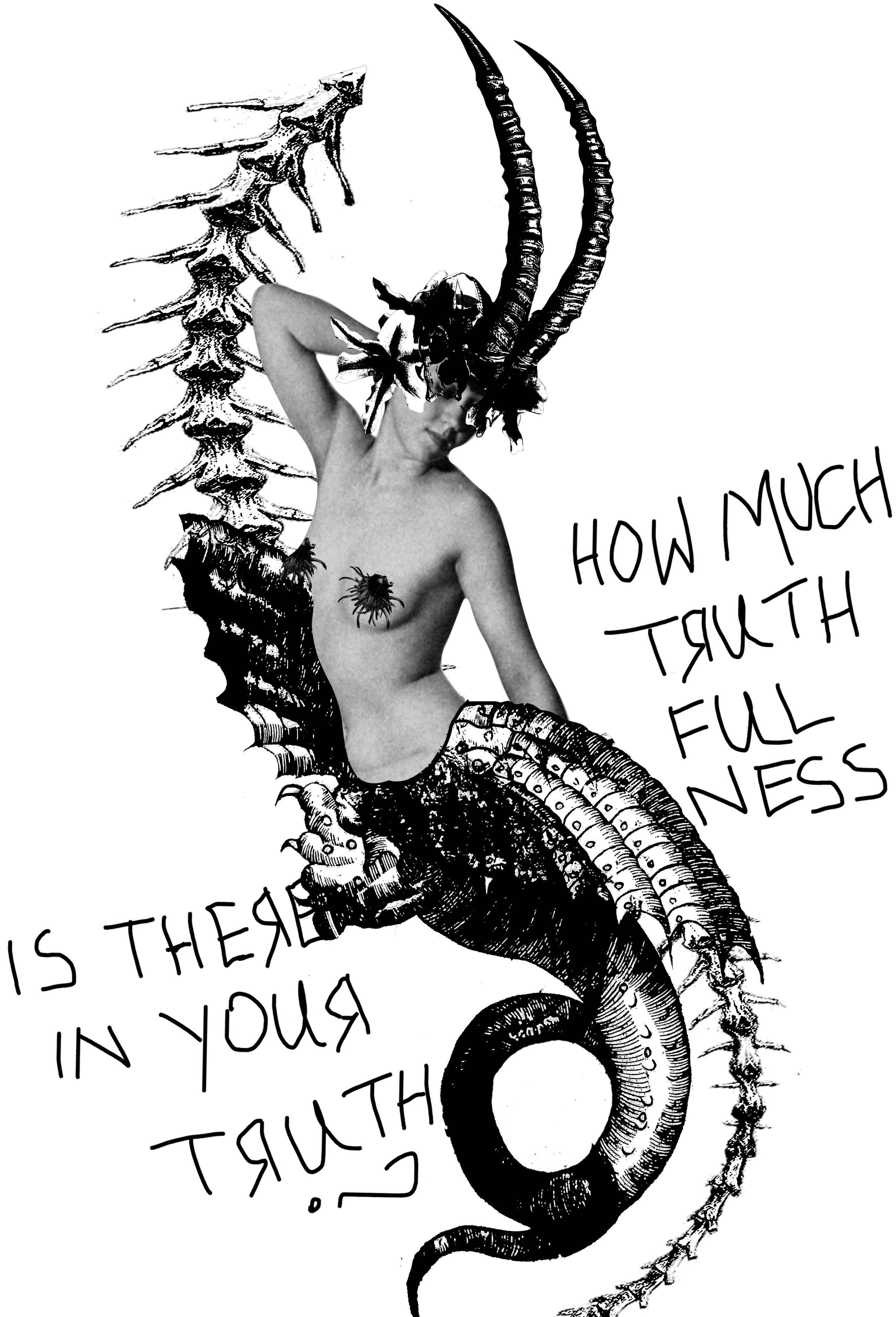
Endless Love

In the wilderness of the depths, we find the capacity to love more of our true selves, more of the Other (a lover, a tree, a child, a mountain, a mother, a flower, a village, a snake...). What emerges from the cauldron of love is aliveness, an enhanced presence, vitality of life force, a re-membered sense of being from and in (relation with) the world. This is the realm of devotional relationship with our souls and Life itself. And when we relate so deeply, there's a recognition of the preciousness of every single manifestation of Being and a promise of an endless love.

◆

Wellsprings from which I drank while writing this:

Under a Fig Tree, by Gabriela Gutierrez. Especially the essay Aphrodite: She who initiates through beauty,
The powerful excavations and the sacred work lineage of Marija Gimbutas,
Anything coming from and through Ahlay Blakely, Nature and the Human Soul and Soulcraft, by Bill Plotkin, Recalling Fire,
The Herstory Archive, by Stella Porta,
Mysterium Coniunctionis, C. G. Jung,
What Happens When the World is Motherless & What Happens When the World Is Fatherless, by Elayne Kalila,
Myth of The Week: Psyche and Eros, by Madeline Miller,
Rumi: Hidden Music, translated from The Divan of Shams, by Maryam Mafi and Azima Melita Kolin


HOW MUCH
TRUTH
FULL
NESS
IS THERE
IN YOUR
TRUTH
?

3 ***To Be a Mother Means to Be More of a Woman*** | Silkscreen Print | **Sandra Magdalena Dabrowska-Sadiku**

4 ***Reasons, why I am too hurt to re-imagine a different kind of masculinity*** | Papercut | **Johanna Lohrengel** | www.johannalohrengel.com

5 ***Gül(φ)em*** | Written Word | **Piotr Stasiuk**

6-7 Analog photography | **Alejandro Cebrian** | @axmiseria

8-11 ***Hitting a wall*** | Words & Photography | **Lelde Gusta**

12-13 ***Τελικά; Πόσο φεμινιστής/φεμινίστρια είσαι;*** | Words & Photography | **44drops**

14-15 ***Erotima 1 Ερώτημα 1*** | Digital Collage, Words | ***'Εψιλον χι***

16-17 ***Not trusting the Man (2023), Witnessing: White.Old.Rich.Men. (2025)*** | Poetry | **William OnTheRock** | william.ontherock@posteo.de

18-21 ***ripping the mended*** | Written Word, Marbling | **Eliz Beyaz** | elizbeyaz7@gmail.com

22 ***Bloom*** | Words & Illustration | **@aflowergirltattoo**

23 ****ΔAMN*** **|** Words | **paulina junko** | @see.lencios

24-25 ***mbmch*** | digital collage | **44drops**

26-27 ***existence precedes interpretation*** | Mixed-Media Digital Collage & Words | **Maarmanga** | @maarmanga

28 Analog photography | **Alejandro Cebrian** | @axmiseria

29 ***Grandma's Garden*** | Analog photography | **Ioanna Economidou**

30-31 ***What if?*** | Written Word | **Eliz Beyaz** | elizbeyaz7@gmail.com

32-33 ***unapologetically*** | Digital collage | **44drops**

34-37 ***I will never know what boredom is*** | Words & Photography | **Cindy Chehab**

38-39 ***how (not) to write a poem about the patriarchy*** **|**Photography, Words | **paulina junko**

40-41 ***Portret ślubny: Wedding Portrait*** | Silkscreen Print | **Sandra Magdalena Dabrowska-Sadiku**

42-45 ***Sacred Union*** | Article | ***Vera Lucia*** | verdadeiraluz30@gmail.com

46 ***our truth***| digital collage | **44drops**

47 Analog Photography & Paper marbling | **paulina junko & Eliz Beyaz**

thank you for the vulnerability of laying your soul/art story into these papers;
thank you for having trust in the process even before there was a process

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*gender pronouns used in diverse articles throughout the zine may differ.
as some of the mentioned scars of societal and patriarchal constructs have been through she/he pronouns and identifications of girl/boy/woman/man, the texts cover this language.

we acknowledge the vastness of gender, sexuality, identity and narratives, and mention this in regards to anyone who does not identify with the used language of pronouns.
this is for us all.

dedicated to all the souls who have passed, and those who
still navigate the consequences of the patriarchy and all forms of violence